THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1289

AUGUST 29, 1928

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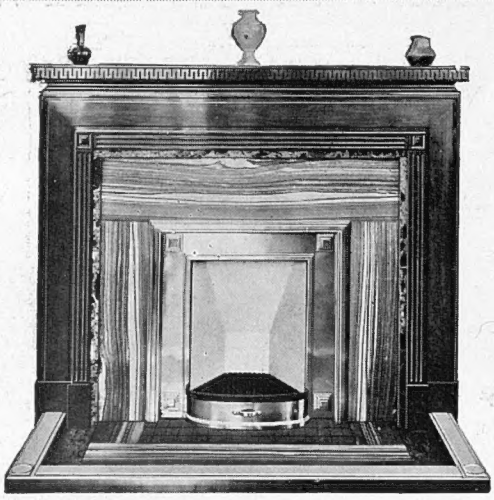

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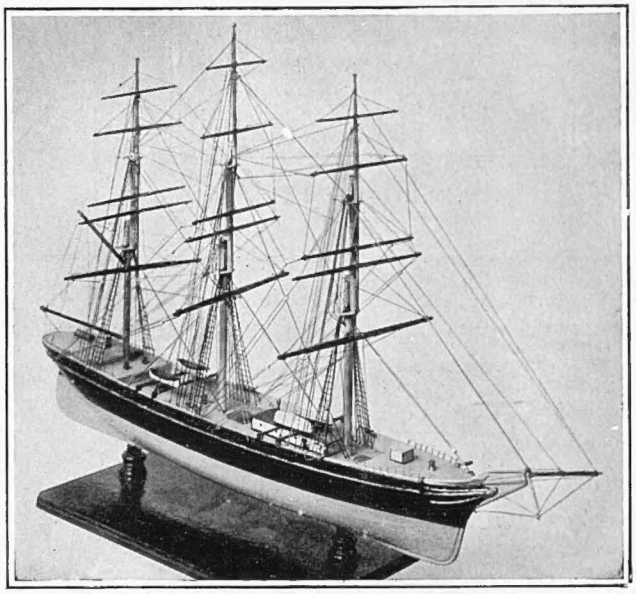

MODEL BY
FRANK H. MASON

The Sporting Gallery announces the production of an exquisite model of the famous Tea Clipper "THERMOPYLAE." This piece has been made in answer to repeated requests for a true model of one of the old sailing ships which should do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessel, and at the same time be within reach of a moderate purse. Mr. Mason's model, an excellent example of this well-known craftsmanship and "sea-sense," admirably fulfils these requirements, alike in its fine proportions and beautiful finish and detail. Twenty-five reproductions only are for sale, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Twenty Guineas (packing and transport extra), and orders will be executed in strict rotation.

An example can be seen in the remarkable Exhibition of Ship Models now being held in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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The Bystander, August 29, 1928 No. 1289. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY BEVAN PETMAN

"DIV(E)INITIES!"

In a Derbyshire Beauty Spot

Miss Compton Collier

A photograph of Mrs. Drury-Lowe with two of her dogs taken at Locko Park, in Derbyshire. Her husband, Captain John Alfred Edwin Drury-Lowe, is a cousin of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston

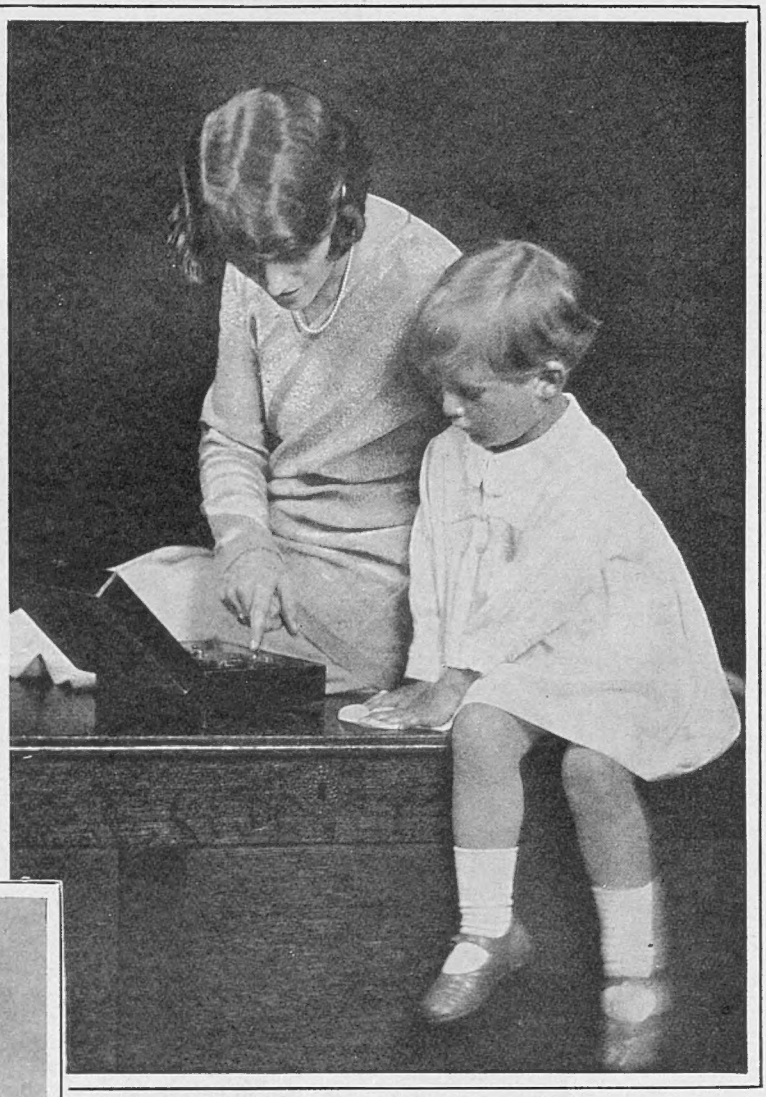
WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

At Balmoral

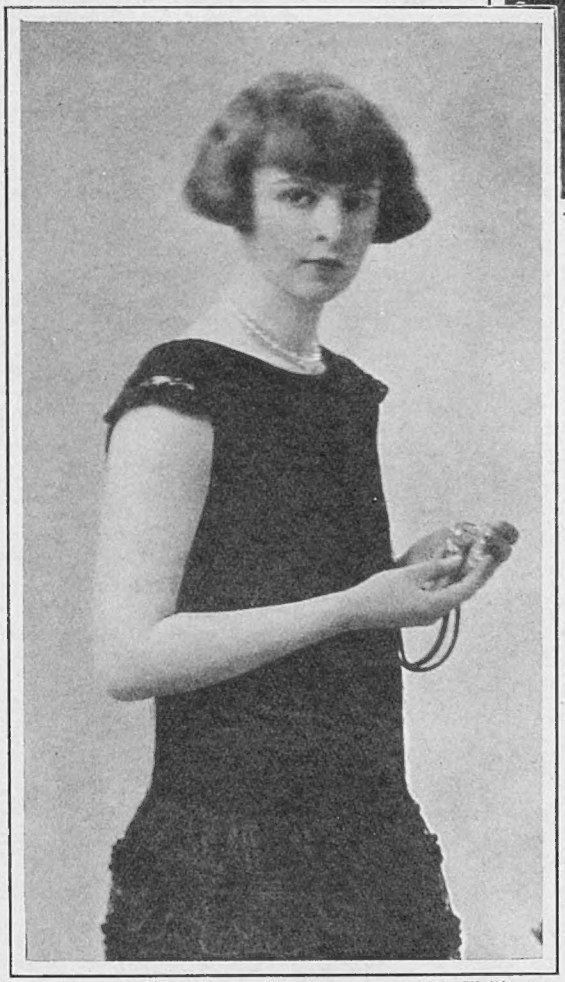
It is generally supposed that Balmoral became a Royal residence through Queen Victoria's love of the Highlands and enthusiasm for all that reminded her of her Stuart ancestors. This is true in a measure, but she and the Prince Consort actually went there first on the advice of their doctor, Sir James Clark, who believed that Deeside air was a panacea for most of the ills of the flesh. In Queen Victoria's case he was right, for so bracing and restorative did she find Deeside that in the later years of her reign she remained there until late in the autumn.

Balmoral then was a very different place from the Balmoral of to-day. Carpets, curtains, and furniture covers were all made of Stuart tartan. This is all very well for kilts and plaids, but is peculiarly ugly and depressing when spread over floors or hung at windows.



LADY ANGUS KENNEDY

A photograph taken with her three-year-old son, Archibald David. Her husband, whom she married in 1922, is the third son of the Marquess of Ailsa, and served in the Royal Air Force



Photographs *Hay Wrightson*

MISS HELEN TREVELYAN THOMSON

The only daughter of the late Mr. Trevelyan Thomson, M.P., and Mrs. Thomson. She writes stories and plays and, under the *nom de théâtre* of Ann Sheen, has already made a name on the stage. She is doing film work in this country

After the middle of September the nights—and sometimes the days—can be particularly chilly. But there were no fires, and all the windows were open. Ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour got red noses and elbows, and even Prime Ministers shivered in their bedrooms, which had to serve for all their writing and despatch of business, the place being too small to admit of a second room being allotted to them. Lord Beaconsfield manfully sat with chattering teeth, but the late Lord Salisbury flatly refused to face the chilly bedroom and the keen mountain breezes which swept all through the house.

King Edward used to say that you could catch a different kind of cold in every room at Balmoral.

Horses and Bagpipes

King Edward and Queen Alexandra made immense changes, and other alterations have been made by the King and Queen, until now Balmoral is one of the most delightful and comfortable of country houses, the Queen's taste being evident everywhere in the light paint and gay chintzes where once the sombre Stuart tartan reigned supreme.

Notwithstanding the many alterations and improvements,

the castle itself is not large enough to accommodate the suite. The King's private secretary, Lord Stamfordham, therefore has Craig-Gowan, a house in the grounds, and the assistant-secretary, the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, a charming cottage, called Altaguisach, high up on the hillside. Sir Derek Keppel, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, generally has Abergelsbie Mains.

For several years past the King has lent Abergeldie Castle to the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury. The house, where King Edward and Queen Alexandra used to stay when they were Prince and Princess of Wales, does not belong to the King, but is held on a long lease, together with its shootings and fishings. A part of these, however, as I told you some little time ago, have been relinquished.

UP NORTH *Central News*

Lord Lonsdale presenting the first prize for the winning hound to Miss Tuilbert at the Ullswater Sheepdog Trials and Foxhound Show. The "Yellow Earl" takes a keen personal interest in this annual meeting

IN SEA-GOING KIT *L. N. A.*

Three sailing enthusiasts who were afloat at the recent regatta at Mahee Island, Strangford Lough, Ulster. They are Lady Helen Stewart and Lady Margaret Stewart, the second and third daughters of Lord Londonderry and Lady Anne Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's youngest daughter

Another house on the Balmoral property, Birkhall, used to belong to King Edward, but he sold it to Queen Victoria, who added it to the estate. This is usually occupied by the Queen's private secretary, Sir Harry Verney, when the Court is at Balmoral. But this year he and Lady Joan Verney have gone abroad.

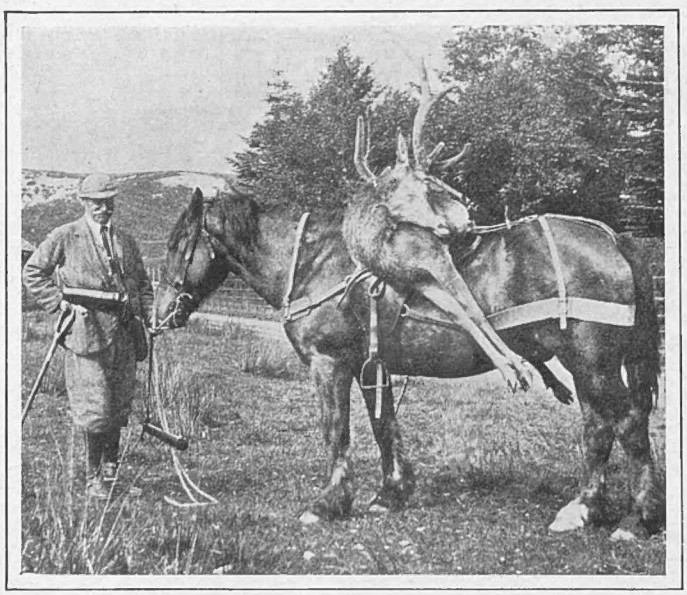
The King likes the bagpipes, and at Balmoral, as in most big Scottish houses, the pipers, who are specially selected men, give the signal for getting up in the morning, and play through breakfast and after dinner. But the custom which obtains in many Scottish houses of the pipers marching round and round the dinner table during dessert is not followed at Balmoral. Unless the dining-room is unusually large this can be a painful infliction to Southron ears, and, as an irreverent American once observed, "It's enough to turn the peaches sour!"

The Queen's Visits

In comparison with most sovereigns when they pay visits, the King is accompanied only by a small suite when he "honours" a subject, say for shooting. But the minimum is two equerries, one of whom acts as secretary, a valet, a brusher, a footman, two loaders, an inspector of police, and two chauffeurs. On her visits to St. Giles's House and to Badminton the Queen was accompanied by one lady only, Lady Bertha Dawkins, and her personal servants.

Although these yearly visits of the Queen between Cowes and the settling of the Court at Balmoral for the autumn are entirely private, certain rules are always strictly observed. The host and hostess and their guests assemble in the drawing-room a few minutes before each meal and there wait for the Queen. When the meal is ended the Queen gives the signal for the ladies to leave the table, and Her Majesty also gives the signal for the ladies to go to bed.

Each morning the suggested arrangements for the day, the hours of meals, and the names of neighbours whom it is proposed to invite to luncheon, tea or dinner are submitted by the hostess to the Queen for her approval,



THE END OF A PERFECT STALK *Brit. Illus.*

The Marquis of Sligo with his first stalking success of the season. He is a fine shot and has taken Brae Roy Lodge, Inverness, for a time

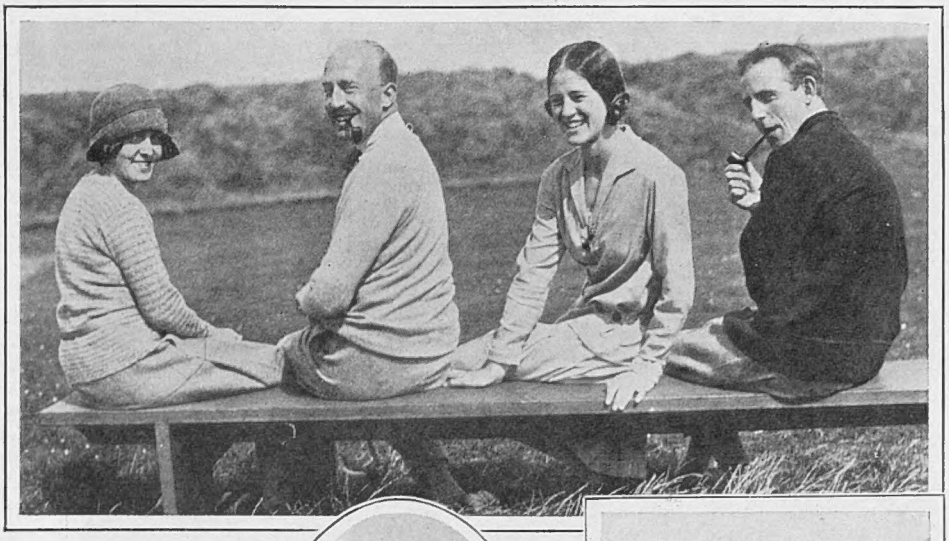
any alterations desired by Her Majesty being made immediately.

Although both houses date from about the same period —Charles II—there is a great difference between St. Giles's House in Dorsetshire and Badminton House in Gloucestershire, where the Queen went to stay with her niece, the Duchess of Beaufort, on the conclusion of her visit to Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. St. Giles's is a large country mansion of red brick with stone facings. Badminton is a palace built in what is called Palladian style, with lofty columns supporting a pediment at the entrance. Inside, the staircase is notable for the superb carving of its balusters, and there are also some good pictures.

But the present Duke of Beaufort, who married Lady May Cambridge, the Queen's niece, five years ago, and his two predecessors have been more keenly interested in sport, especially hunting, than in art. The art treasures at Badminton, therefore, are the heritage from ancestors rather than the collection of the last three generations.

The Duke of Beaufort is also related to the Queen in a very remote cousinship, both of them being descended from Edward III. He is twenty-eight, and at the present moment his heir is his uncle, Lord Henry Somerset, who is seventy-eight and has lived in Florence for many years. The Badminton estates were disentailed during the late Duke of Beaufort's lifetime. Lord Henry Somerset has composed many songs which once were very popular in drawing-rooms and on the concert platform, but of late years we have had nothing from his piano and his pen. His only son, Mr. Somers Somerset, is a grandfather, so the succession to the title is well assured.

The Duke's mother, Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, lives close to Badminton in a charming dower house called The Cottage, and the younger of his two sisters, Lady Diana Shedden, who kept the Badminton Hunt together during the War and exercised the hounds herself, lives not far away, near Chippenham, in Wiltshire. The elder sister, Lady Blanche Douglas, first married the late Earl of St. Germans, who died after an accident in the hunting field. Two years after his death she married Captain George Douglas.



A SESSION AT NORTH BERWICK

A foursome at North Berwick take things easy. They are Capt. and Mrs. Clark with Miss Leah Donald and her fiancé, Mr. Seton Coats

Photographs *J. C. H. Balmain*

MRS. BACHE HAY AND MRS. VERE CHAPLIN

MR. G. DE WORMS WITH MISS B. BEAUMONT

Four visitors to the North who have been finding North Berwick a very good place to be in during these summer days. Large numbers of keen golfers have migrated from town to the famous course

AT THE CIRENCESTER TOURNAMENT *Dennis Moss*

Miss Vestey (left), Lady Cromwell, Mrs. C. C. Goldsmith and Sir Edward Bowen, visited by the camera-man at the Cirencester Polo Club's Autumn Tournament. Sir Edward Bowen is Honorary Secretary to the Club

"Salting"

It is not unusual for amateur collectors of antique furniture, after bargaining with the wife of a cottager or farmer for, say, an old oak chest or dresser, to discover that their purchase is a clever fake. The cottager or farmer's wife may or may not have deceived them by saying the chest or dresser had been in her husband's family for years. Very often there is no need for the women to say anything. The fact of an old piece of furniture being in a cottage or farmhouse is taken by many amateurs as proof positive of its authenticity in period and its genuineness.

It is well known that some of the less scrupulous antique dealers "salt" cottages and farms with faked "old" furniture with the idea of catching the unwary,

A SHOOT ON DEESIDE *Topical*

Members of the house party entertained by Lady King at Roebuk House, Aboyne, out on the moors. In the photograph are: Captain Spencer (left), Mr. H. B. Stokes, Mr. C. H. King, Mr. Cameron, the head keeper, and Col. H. O. Curtis

paying the woman of the house a commission on sales.

But here is another form of "salting" which is to be found not only in popular Continental resorts, but in quiet out-of-the-way towns to which the motor car brings many visitors for luncheon. Most people when they are motoring abroad do wholly unnecessary shopping when they stop for luncheon. Ladies, especially, like to buy picture postcards.

When they have made their purchases they are asked in a confidential tone if they would like to buy some pearls or a diamond brooch or bracelet. Naturally, most people are surprised by the question. The shopkeeper proceeds to explain, still confidentially, that a noble family in the town is so poor and so sorely pressed for money that the lady is selling her jewels. But they are an old, old family, and very proud. Nobody must know they are forced to sell jewels which have belonged to them for years and years.

If the ladies show the least interest in the matter the shopkeeper begs them to wait for a few moments whilst she goes to the house of these unfortunate noble folk to get the jewels. She returns with a small collection, generally various jewels, and all in old-fashioned settings.

It is surprising how many women yield to this temptation of buying old jewellery. When they get home, if they have their purchases tested by a jeweller, they will find they have given a high price for indifferent stones. This is a new kind of "salting," and is done by jewellers who give the shop people commission. Needless to say, the embarrassed noble family is non-existent, and the shopwoman's hurried visit to their house is really a few minutes' rest in an easy chair in a room behind the shop.

IN YORKSHIRE

A cheery gathering of members of Mr. George H. Taylor's shoot at Rothwell, Yorkshire. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, the group includes the Hon. Dorothy Bethell, Mrs. Carey Owtram, Miss Sheila Maxwell, Miss Dorothy Taylor, Dr. R. Y. Aitken, the Hon. William Bethell, Mr. Gordon Maxwell, Mr. Carey Owtram, Mr. Leslie Thompson, Mr. Waterworth, Mr. Geoffrey Cowgill Taylor, and Mr. Cedric Taylor

AT A SUSSEX MEET *Central Press*

Mr. S. W. Varndell, Master of the Crowhurst, at a meet of this well-known pack of Otter Hounds at Hartfield Station, Sussex. He has hunted this pack since 1904, and his daughter, Miss K. Y. Varndell, acts as whipper-in

On a Bigger Scale

IN the big resorts dressmakers and milliners are more useful to the "salting" jewellers. They can gauge the money possibilities of foreign clients from their clothes and their orders, and the jewels confidentially offered from some decayed noble family are of a very different calibre from those which are sent out to tempt the motoring tourist. Bric-à-brac dealers in these places also play a big part in this "salting" game. I heard of one case in a well-known French resort in which a rich English couple had made considerable purchases of old French furniture from one of these men.

One day he came to them with a story of a superb diamond necklace which a very noble lady was forced to sell. It was a family heirloom. She would not permit it to be taken from the house, but if the English lady and gentleman cared to see it they could go to her villa between three and four o'clock the following afternoon.

They went to the villa—it really did belong to the very noble lady—and were shown the necklace by an elderly maid, who wrung her hands on the cruel misfortune which forced Madame la Princesse to part with so superb a necklace, a necklace that an ancestress had worn at the Court of Louis XVI. The price asked was a big one, but the Englishman paid it because his wife was fascinated by the age and history of the necklace.

On the surface, could anything be more authentic? But the diamonds were South African, and each one was flawed, some very badly. In this case the very noble

lady had a commission from the " salting " jeweller as well as the bric-à-brac dealer.

So, my good people, when you are abroad let me beg of you to beware of stories of decayed noble foreign families seeking to dispose of their wonderful jewellery secretly through shopkeepers.

What Were the Keeper's Feelings ?

AN American girl whose father had taken a shooting in Scotland together with " the waters," was having her first lesson in fishing from a keeper.

She obeyed all his instructions carefully. There was a long pause. Then she called out suddenly,

" Say, shepherd, some durned fish has bitten the bug off my string! "

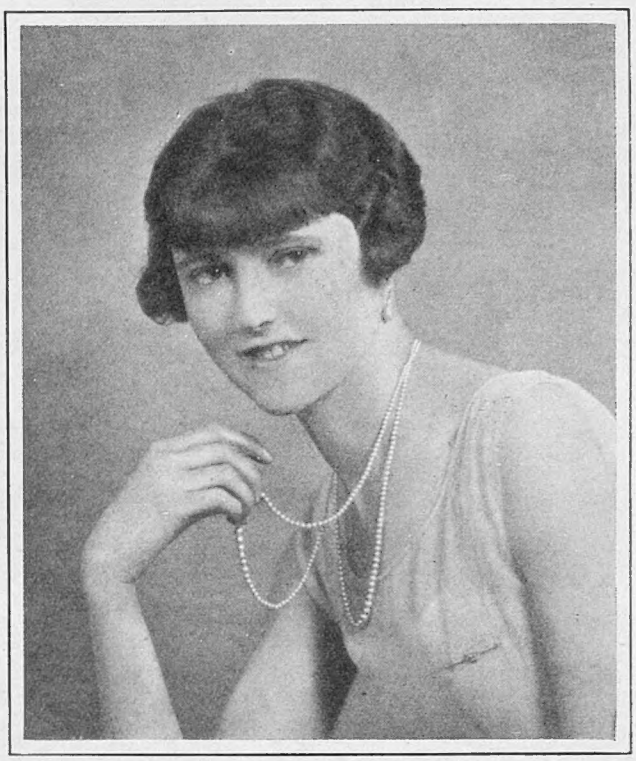
MISS FELICITY LOCKER-LAMPSON *Lafayette*

The eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, and Mrs. Locker-Lampson. She is to be married to Captain H. E. Rimington Wilson, of Broomhead Hall, near Sheffield, on October 9

Help in a Problem

MYSELF, I think it very unfair of British folk staying in hotels abroad when they add ten per cent. to the bill for service to tip servants on the top of this. It makes matters difficult for people who can't afford to tip twice. Of course, if any individual servant has given one particular attention—such as mending clothes, drying wet ones, going messages, or any of those little etceteras that are always arising —that is another matter. But it is no uncommon thing to see English people tipping the whole *bat-à-clan* of hotel servants after they have already left ten per cent. of their bills in the manager's office for that very purpose. The result is that those who don't do this double tipping are not regarded with favour by the *valetaille* should they return to that hotel.

The ten per cent. saves you endless cogitation as to the fair division of your tips, and a hasty rush-round for change just before your departure. But the hotels which do not have this system still present the old problem. How much shall I give to each department? A French newspaper has answered this question, and I gladly hand on the information. The paper says that it is understood a visitor will give not less than ten per cent. of his bill in tips, and lays down this rule for his guidance. For a bill of 1,000 francs, 100 francs would be expected, and should be divided as follows: waiters in the restaurant, 45 francs; the valet and chambermaid, 30 francs; hall-porter, including lift attendant, 25 francs.



MISS NOREEN EDINGTON *Hay Wrightson*

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Edington, of Johannesburg, who is engaged to Lieutenant I. M. Martineau, R.N. Her fiancé is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Martineau, of Kincraig, Invergordon

Lafayette

MISS FELICITY HUTCHINSON

The youngest daughter of Sir George and Lady Hutchinson, who is engaged to Lieutenant C. R. St. John Rich, R.N. (retired). Lieutenant Rich is the only son of Lt.-Col. C. E. F. Rich, D.S.O., Governor of H.M Prison, Liverpool

The simplest thing if you are staying any time in a French hotel, where the ten per cent. system is not followed, is to tip on the amount of your bill every week. The self-applied ten per cent. pleases everybody.

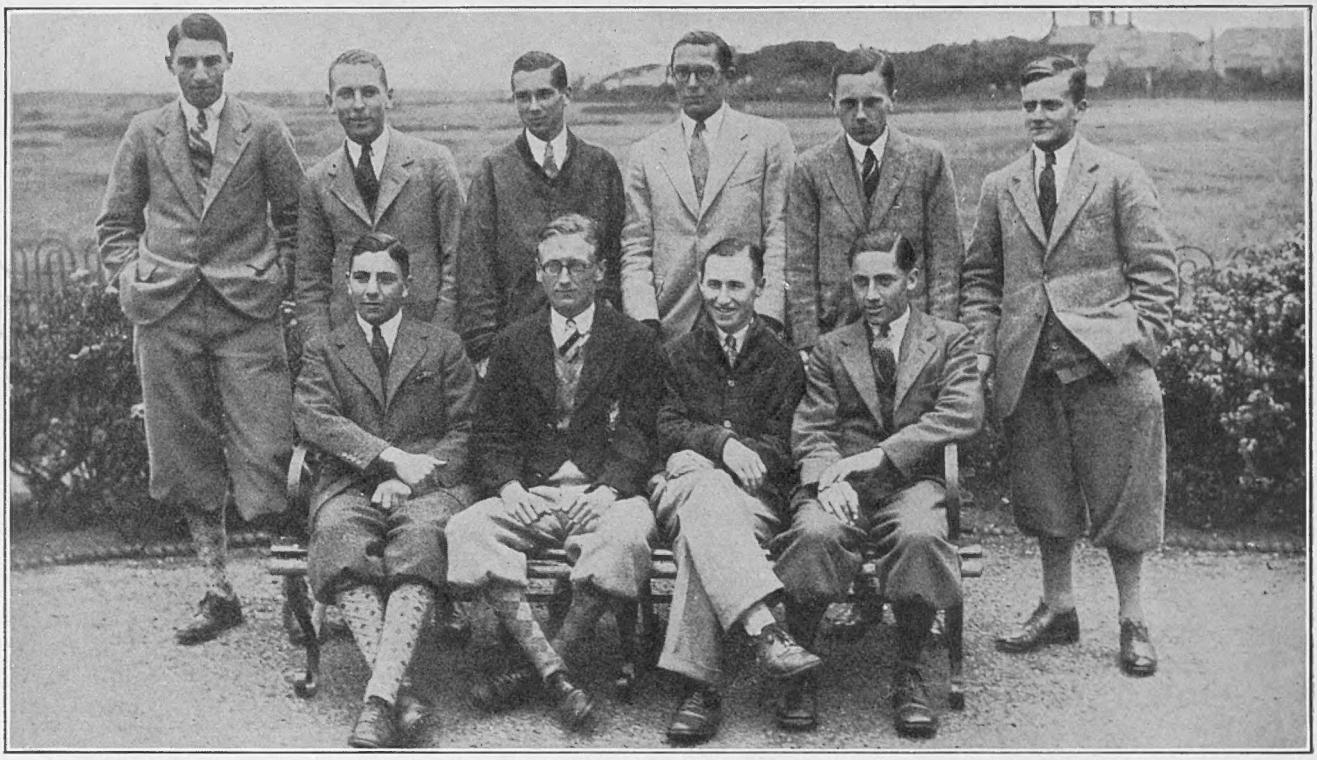
FOUR INTERESTING SERVICE ENGAGEMENTS

Lenare

MISS JOYCE KEMP

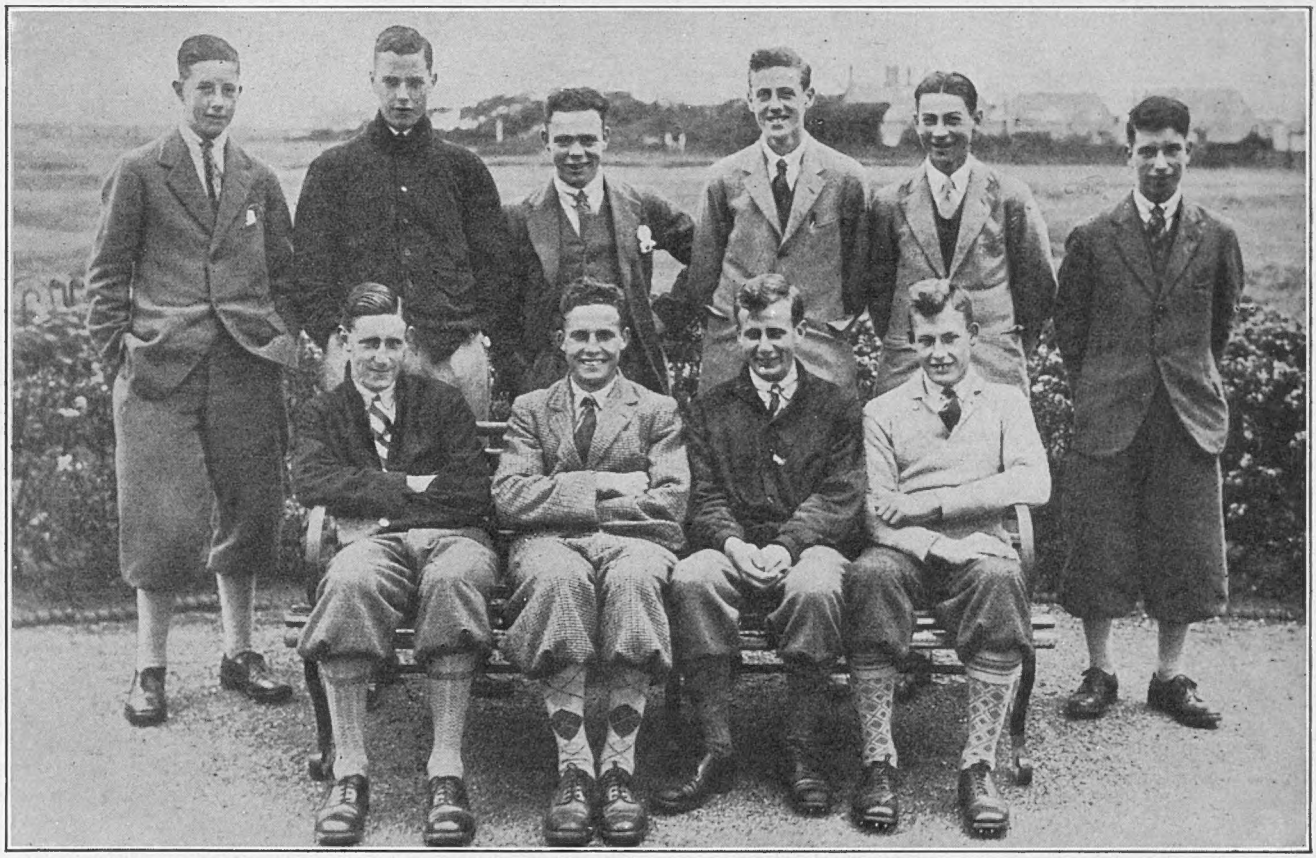
Whose engagement to Lieutenant P. K. Kemp, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Kemp, has been announced. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming French Kemp, of Harley Street

An International Affair at Formby



THE VICTORS

The English team which beat Scotland in the Boys' International Golf Championship. The group includes: Messrs. J. A. B. Davidson (Capt.), J. McKay, K. R. Frazier, J. P. Nicholls, A. H. Lloyd, R. W. Dearing, A. L. Bentley and F. A. Simmonds



Photographs THE LOSERS *Phot p*

The Scottish golfers who lost to England in the Boys' International. Included above are: Messrs. Kenneth Forbes (Capt.), J. McLean, J. S. Dyer, Ian MacRosty, J. A. Wright, A. Dobbie, J. Cumming and L. A. Munro

In the recent Boys' International between England and Scotland at Formby England won the match, which was an eight a-side team one, by the narrow margin of six matches to five with one drawn. Scotland lost the foursomes by three matches to one, but did so well in the singles that they only just failed to make a draw of it

The "Grand Parade" as Seen on the Lido

MRS. ROLLO (left) AND COUNTESS GABRIELLA ROBILANT

MR. O. DUNCAN (left) WITH MRS. MCGRATH (ROSITA FORBES), DON G. COLLONNA AND MISS AMBER WILSON

BARONESS DE MEYER (left) AND MISS MARION DAVIES

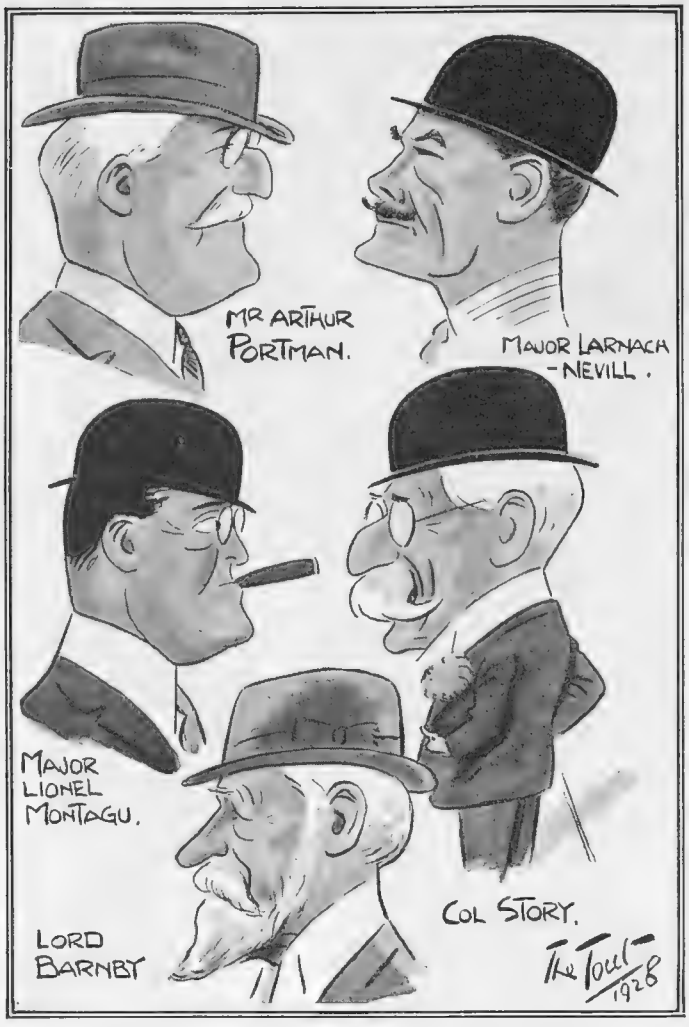
The Lido is still popular for its bathing, its sun—*and* its pyjamas. "Dress as you please" is the order of the day, but quite as much care is often devoted to the selection of an attractive "beach dress" as to the buying of an evening gown

Photographs

MRS. BEATTIE (left) AND MISS SWEETING

Sport and General

MISS FLORENCE TRUMBULL (left) AND MISS BEATTY RANDLE



"SCALPS" By "The Tout"

Of some of the regular followers of racing who are usually to be seen at most meetings up and down the country and in particular at the York meeting. Lord Barnby, the veteran Yorkshire sportsman, is still a keen follower of hounds in the North. Major Lionel Montagu is a staunch supporter of Frank Hartigan's stable, and Colonel W. F. Story trains with John Dawson

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

In the North

There is a certain charm about the racing at the Stockton August meeting which never fails to appeal to me. The fixture has a pleasant social side, Lord Londonderry being among those who invariably entertain house parties for the occasion. Good stakes are competed for each day, and there is seldom much fault to be found with the quality of the horses saddled for the chief events. While all the North Country stables are represented at the meeting, I am afraid they do not have much luck nowadays against their Southern rivals. On the two first days last week only one Northern horse proved successful in fourteen races. This must be a little discouraging for trainers in the North, and it certainly is curious that practically all the best horses are trained in the South nowadays. Years ago it was quite different.

A Wynyard Success

Lord Londonderry, whose family have won all the best races at Stockton in the past, had no great hopes of carrying off a prize last week. He thought Barbizon would at least run into a place in the Wynyard Plate, and this the colt just failed to do, though he ran quite creditably. On the following day, however, the Wynyard Park party had the satisfaction of seeing their host win the Zetland Plate with Esla, though I fear comparatively few people profited financially by her success. Her triumph was the more satisfactory to Lord Londonderry in that the filly is a daughter of Benevente, one of the best mares who ever graced the Wynyard paddocks, which are not far from the Stockton racecourse. I was glad to see Lord Zetland actively officiating as one of the Stewards of the meeting. This grand old sportsman simply places advancing years at defiance.

Lambourn Winners

I missed Capt. Oswald Bell at the meeting. I take it the Lambourn trainer was too busily occupied with Felstead to go so far away from home. Only a trainer can tell what a trainer's worries are when a classic race is close at hand and there is an "if" about his best horse. In her husband's absence Mrs. Bell looked after the Stork House horses in eminently practical style at Stockton, and it must have been a great pleasure to her to produce one winner for Lord Londonderry and another on the same afternoon for Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. The latter scored with Bemax, who has been extraordinarily consistent and has been "placed" with great judgment by her trainer. Bemax is one of the smartest beginners in training, and her success at the North Country meeting was primarily due to astonishing alacrity in jumping off the mark. Mrs. O. Bell is not the only woman who will have agreeable recollections of the meeting. Mrs. George Drummond was there to see Royal Falcon canter away with the Stockton Handicap.

The St. Leger

At the time of writing one can get at least 6 to 1 about Felstead for the St. Leger, a sure sign that the bookmakers decline to believe that he will be at his best at Doncaster even if Capt. Bell is able to send him there. To judge by the nature of his recent work, I imagine there is no more than a slender hope that the Derby winner will repeat his Epsom triumph on the Town Moor. Fairway has hardened in favouritism. It will be something for breeders to talk about if a son of Phalaris should win the St. Leger. Personally, I am doubtful as to the staying powers of Lord Derby's colt, and I adhere to the opinion that Cyclonic is a likely winner next month. His latest performances stamp this horse as a genuine stayer, and I think we shall find him proving too good for Fairway in the later stages of the big race.

Ebor Prospects

It is curious that the Ebor Handicap, to be run on Wednesday, differs from the majority of important races of its kind in having no acceptance stage. This makes it a little difficult, writing some days before the race, to forecast how the field will be composed. Among those whose chances I favour are Bonny Boy II and Constant Son. Although a three-year-old won this event last season, this was quite an exception for the Ebor. Constant Son has shown himself to be a useful stayer, and it is in his favour that Reg. Day's horses are running into form, as we saw when Law Suit scored at Stockton. I think, however, that Bonny Boy II must be preferred to Mr. Davidson's young colt. I make **Bonny Boy II** my Ebor selection, with Constant Son as second string.

The Gimcrack

In spite of his penalty, **Kirkheaton,** who won with plenty to spare at Stockton, should repeat that success in the Falmouth Handicap. It has now been found that sprinting is **Jurisdiction's** best game, and I expect her to win the Melrose Handicap. On the third day on the Knavesmire we have the Gimcrack Stakes, which will be specially interesting this time by reason of the presence in the field of the North Country colt, Roigrey. So far his merits have not been searchingly tested in public. The Stanley House stable will be well represented, probably by **Hunter's Moon,** whom I select for Thursday's race, and in his absence I shall depend on **Roigrey.**

The Camera Takes Stock at Stockton

Sport and General

SIR WALTER GILBEY AND MRS. RICHARD STRAKER

Topical

MRS. H. STOBART (left) AND MRS. LANE-FOX

Sport and General

LORD LONDONDERRY AND MRS. BELL

Photographs

LADY DELVES BROUGHTON, THE MARCHIONESS CURZON AND COL. GILES LODER

THE HON. MRS. BEATTY AND MR. FELIX LEACH

Sport and General

THE COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER AND DR. McCULLAGH

The Stockton Summer Meeting, which opened in dull weather, saw the bookmaking fraternity taking some hard knocks. During the first day's racing, five events were won by favourites and one by a second favourite. The only surprise of the day was the winning of the Great Northern Leger by Sir Abe Bailey's Law Suit with J. Dines up. Starting at the comfortable price of 10 to 1, Law Suit beat Buoyant Bachelor by two lengths, the favourite, Plantago, running third

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

The Silly Month

August is at its last lap, and with it, I suppose, will end that period which is called, for inadequate reasons, the Silly Season. Why silly? Who first called it that? Are silly people sillier in August than at any other time of the year? Does some special ecstasy of foolishness come over foolish folk during the hot weather? Like the man in Bleak House, I only want to know, don't you know. Let us examine the question with all that wealth of judgment and broad-mindedness for which we are so famous.

The Theory of the Thing

We will, from the outset, reject with scorn the curmudgeonly opinion of my backwoodsman. "Silly season?" he growls. "All seasons are silly." Summer was made for the country (he holds) and the country was made for summer. Anything (he stoutly maintains) which takes you away from your country lanes or your ripening apples or your elm trees in the park or—to strike a loftier note—your Wessex Saddleback pigs, is an unmitigated evil and a snare of Satan. But this is rank heresy. That a certain season has been labelled silly is admitted. The theory appears to be that, what with the grouse and the warm weather and one thing and another, nothing exciting can happen in August, and, as the newspapermen must give us something, they have to do their best with sea-serpents or giant gooseberries.

Journalistic Ideals

The ideal newspaper, as a shrewd American Press magnate has observed, is one whose headlines lead the reader to suppose that the Apocalypse has occurred at 6.30 a.m. that morning; and your good journalist, to give him his due, pursues this shining ideal with all the conscientious earnestness at his command. The supply of world-shattering events, however, is unfortunately not large enough to go round. In an imperfect world we cannot have a Tunney-Heeney fight or an earthquake every day. We must absorb our thrills, as a rule, from matters of minor importance. What I so deeply resent is that August should be exclusively (and ignominiously) set apart merely as a month of second- or third-rate excitements. Let the month have fair play.

Brighter Augusts

Much can be achieved by thoughtful co-operation. August may yet lift up her head among her sister months if we agree to give her a fair show. Let us swear an oath to rehabilitate her, to save her from being a mere repository for prize vegetable marrows or an excuse for such topics as "Is the Modern Girl Effeminate?" Let us publicly state that things may happen in August as well as in any other month, and if we are going to do anything dramatic, such as falling off the Monument or murdering our uncle, let us do it in August. Such an act of sportsmanship, you may be very sure, will not lose its reward.

A Missed Chance

Our opportunity for a Boy Scout-like deed of this kind is practically over for the year. September is close at hand. The whirr of the partridge will soon be heard in the land; apples will be red in the orchards and the leaves will show their first tinge of gold. And those of us who have watched the changing countryside throughout the year will look forward to fresh delights.

> "Give me a corner of English ground
> And let me watch the endless round
> Of flower and fruit and blossom and seed
> In hill and valley and tilth and mead!"

But no more in this strain. I have an urgent appointment with a William pear-tree.

The Magic Cider Again

"Do you believe in magic?" I have just received a letter from a correspondent referring to a recent paragraph of mine which concerned Devonshire and a mug of cider and a magic cottage that was never found again. "It is sad," my correspondent writes, "that your friend should have failed to find the Devonshire cottage where the old rustic, who was really Robin Goodfellow in disguise, gave him the magic cider. But be of good cheer. I have found the place. I came upon it while motoring this summer."

THE PUCK-LIKE OLD COUNTRYMAN, AND THE INEFFABLE PROPERTIES OF THE CIDER

The Flying Inn

My correspondent goes on to describe with great accuracy the cottage, the Puck-like old countryman, and the ineffable properties of the cider, but he ends with the surprising assertion that I had got my locality all wrong. "I found the place," he asserts, "not in Devonshire, but in the Isle of Wight." Well, as my American cousin says, what do you know about that? It is, frankly, impossible that there should be two such cottages. We must have stumbled upon that marvellous Chestertonian conception, a flying inn. The deliciously intriguing question is—where will the magic cider turn up next? I beg those of my readers who are touring in the corners of Old England to let me know immediately if anything . . . turns up. We must not let the treasure slip through our fingers a second time.

Feminine Feats

Up to the moment of going to Press no slender maiden has as yet swum the Atlantic. I await news of the feat with some impatience, as that appears to be the only exploit which feminine prowess has not yet accomplished. Girl athletes have recently broken running and jumping records in all directions, a Surbiton girl has just swum the Channel, and now I read of an intrepid lady who has climbed the Eiger by the Mittellegi route and returned in one day. The Eiger is a peak of which mountaineers (on the whole, an irreverent body) speak with respect. I can imagine no feat demanding a finer exhibition of courage and endurance.

A Great Sport

I have before me on my desk, as I write, a photograph, taken on the Eigerjoch, of the man who first attempted the Eiger on *ski*. To the climber I unhesitatingly take off my hat. Many sports require pluck and coolness, but none is so insistent as mountaineering in its demands upon absolute self-reliance, physical fitness, and single-minded determination. There is no excitement of the chase or the exhilarating ding-dong give-and-take with physical opponents in the field. Your struggle is against Nature, huge, impassive, and implacable. Your material reward is nil. Yet no reward can equal the thrill of mountain victory. Of the elusive peak it can be said with more truth than of the poet's heroine:

> "She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
> But oh, the glory of the winning, were she won."

By David Wilson

VIVE L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!—SUR LA MER!

In My Hotel—and Yours

By PENDARVES

"I DID the last eight holes to-day in one over fours, anyhow. . . ."

"The Pro. says my swing is too flat: I don't pivot enough: don't turn my hips. . . ."

"No; your trouble is you don't keep your eye on the ball. I should go out quietly after tea if I were you with some old balls: I'll come with you one evening: can't to-morrow, because I've got a match. . . ."

"Have you got a game, by any chance, to-morrow, sir? I mean, if you're not fixed up and would like a match I should be very happy—of course, you will have to give me a lot of strokes; my form is not what it was. . . . Oh, well, that will be splendid: I shall look forward to it. Yes, about 10 'ish: thanks *so* much." [Athleticism.]

"But, my dear, you *know* I don't say unkind things about people without *cause*: and very seldom then. But that woman makes me quite sick. There she is, flaunting her fourth husband about—if he *is* her husband—and that poor boy, young enough to be her son, getting simply *desperate* about her: it's scandalous, it really is. And, do you know, her chambermaid tells mine that . . ." [Charity.]

"What's another word for builder—seven letters—ending in OR? Can't *any* of you think of one? You *are* a dull lot."

"Why on earth did you lead a *heart*? . . . But you were leading into *their* strength, you juggins. That's two hundred: honours? I had the ace, knave. Simple. No: you really *must* watch out, old man: you seem to go all ga-ga in the third hand always—most curious. . . ."

"No: you can't turn from that pack: you must go on discarding. *That's* it. But look! King, Queen, Ace—of course you *never* get it out like that: well, it's one of the most advanced Patiences: I've only got it out twice myself." [Indoor Games.]

". . . An' I thed to 'im, Izzy, my poy, mark my words, they're bearin' that stock—they're bearin' it: I was a bull of 'em myself for months, tho' I know. . . . Waiter, two more brandies. . . . An' what d'y think 'e did? Wires to 'is broker in Leeds and buys another packet—well, it's sheer thuicide; that's what it is—eh? Now if you want a nice little thafe investment listen to me [voice lowered]: but you carn't 'ave 'em at the price *I* got 'em: I was lucky. An' you must get busy quick: a trunk call in the mornin' ith what I recommend to you, Ruben, an', believe me, I *know*." [Commerce.]

"Well, I don't know what you think *I'm* going to do all day to-morrow? Can't you give up this golf for *one* day and take me somewhere in the car? I don't think you realise sometimes, Fred, how selfish you are. No: I am not the *least* tired. And I did *not* have a bad night at all, thank you, in *spite* of your continual snoring. If you were a nice husband you would come and dance *now*. I notice other men here ask their wives to dance. Oh, yes, of course you're tired: you always *are* tired on these occasions. . . . Oh, dear me, no, I have *no* wish to drag an unwilling horse to drink. I shall go to bed. *Good*-night. . . ." [Matrimony.]

"Absolutely *topping* frock that is. You always somehow look so much more *distinguished* than all these other girls: no, I'm not paying compliments: I never do: you don't realise how pretty you are: I suppose you haven't noticed it in the glass—what? . . . Will you play a single with me in the morning: oh do: be a pal. No, I loathe four-ball foursomes: besides, we shall have to wait until 12 before we can get off. You and I will play a quiet game together: no, honest injun. I should *love* it. But my dear girl (I say, do you mind that?) your handicap makes no odds whatever: I give you strokes and we each play our own game: I *wish* you would. You *will*: well, I think that is really *nice* of you. But then you *are* most frightfully nice, you know. What? Am I talking loud? You don't think these old trouts heard, do you? Come for a stroll on the front: oh, yes, you can: what rot: well, go and get a coat. But I say, don't be an hour, will you? Two minutes? That's the spirit. . . ." [Matrimony in the Making.]

". . . An' I sez to 'im, I sez, 'Not so much of it, young man, or you'll get your ears boxed': an', wot's more, I *would*, too: the sauce of 'im. What did eighty-three give you this mornin', Eva? Half a dollar? Well, I'm damned: an' she's bin 'ere a fortnight, too, 'asn't she? Fair take the biscuit, these women do, 'pon my word. An' you should have seen hundred an' sixty's room s'mornin'—'nough to give you the creeps. . . . *Oo-er*, there's old mother Wilkins comin' up them stairs, an' none o' the beds in my lot 'ave bin *touched* yet—look out, girls, see you later: better get on with it: you know what *she* is: old devil: soul's not y'own when she's nosin' about. *Ssssh!* . . ." [Work.]

IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS *Central Press*

A photograph taken during the Entente Cordiale race for French fishing boats at the Gorey Regatta. On the island in the background is seen the famous old fortress of Mont Orgeuil

Sixth Time Lucky?

BY MAC

The competition for the Walker Cup takes place over the course of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton, Illinois tomorrow, August 30 and on Friday, August 31, and some members of our team, together with a few of "our friends the enemy" are seen on this page. So far, America has won all five competitions for the Cup, although in 1923 and 1926, at St. Andrew's, they won by a margin of only one point. Optimism runs high in our team this year

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced at the Fortune Theatre, July 17, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I JUDGE from this play that mischief is nothing more than a certain expertness in skating over thin ice. If the ice should, unhappily, crack, there will be the usual sensational copy for the more popular Sunday papers The success of the entertainment is mainly due to the energetic art of Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Julie, the mercurial and impulsive wife of Reginald Bingham, a staid and single-minded man of business. When the curtain rises it is two o'clock in the morning, and Julie has not yet returned home. After the usual initial trouble with the telephone, Reginald is able to ascertain that his wife is dancing at a night-club with an attractive young man called Algy Gascoyne. So far everything is most correct, though the name of Algy is necessarily rather disquieting to a jealous husband who knows what Algies are.

IT happens that Reginald has some business that will take him to Sweden, and, mindful of Julie's capriciousness, he arranges that she will not be left alone with the servants in their Town house at Prince's Gate. He therefore persuades his sister Louise, a rather soured but intensely respectable spinster, to invite Julie to her place for the week that he will be away from home. The invitation will be apparently spontaneous, and Julie cannot very well snub her sister-in-law by a refusal. It happens, however, that Reginald's brother Henry, who is also a little mischievous, overhears the little plot and warns Julie of what is coming to her. Julie at once bursts out into volcanic wrath at the implied—but not at all unreasonable—suggestion that she is not to be trusted out of her husband's sight, and she decides to meet plot with counterplot. Accordingly, she graciously accepts Louise's invitation and then she runs away to a country cottage wherein Algy's sister Diana is rusticating in the wilds of Sussex.

AFTER all, if any awkward questions should arise, Diana will prove to have been a very complete chaperon, especially as she is, up to a certain point, on the prim side herself. So much so, in fact, that she cannot permit her brother to remain in the cottage while Julie is there, in view of the great friendship between them, which is Platonic enough as far as it goes, but is necessarily liable to the usual outbreak of Spring rash. With a nice humour, Julie looks about her and compares the rural cottage with her own luxurious home at Prince's Gate. It is one of those cottages that look very pretty in pictures, but is in fact sadly deficient in the matter of elementary comfort. The final horror comes when Diana admits that she keeps no servants, but lives the Simple Life all by herself; and Julie is appalled at the suggestion that she will be expected to lend a hand with the cooking and the beds.

THEN brother Henry turns up again. He has run for miles in the pouring rain to warn Julie to get back home as soon as possible. Sister Louise has cabled to brother Reginald the news of Julie's escapade, and he

is returning post haste by aeroplane to find out how far, if at all, things have gone. This news of the anxiety of her husband for her moral welfare sets Julie flaring up once more. She declares that she will not go back home. Algy has his chambers in Half Moon Street, and she will go and camp out there under his escort, and the thin ice will become appreciably thinner accordingly.

MEANWHILE there are brother Henry's wet clothes to be considered. We know by experience that people do not appear on the stage in drenched clothes unless capital is to be made out of the accident. Henry begins by apologising sweetly to Diana for his very moist intrusion. Diana sympathetically offers to take his coat from him so that she may hang it in the kitchen to dry. But the coat is not his only garment that is soaked with rain. There are, for instance—if one may mention such things in a discreet whisper—his trousers. Diana promptly remembers that she has an old pair of riding breeches which she could lend while the drying process is being completed in detail, and she runs upstairs, followed by Henry, who boldly and

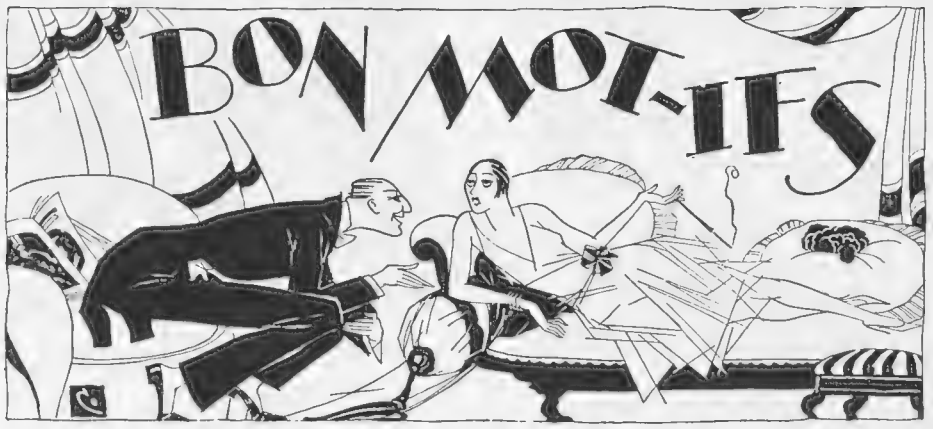
loudly announces his intention of removing his essential garment at once. The shout of delight that greets this daring remark is almost delirious in its intensity. I am, of course, myself, weatherproof in these matters, but the lady who accompanied me to the theatre that evening was on the mid-Victorian side, and I was, for her sake, therefore more frightened than hurt.

IN the last act we have Julie at Algy's rooms in Half Moon Street, and the ice becomes thin to breaking point. Julie is very angry with her husband for his want of faith in her, and Algy is, oh! so sympathetic. That, I believe, is the way the trouble usually begins. Algy begins to make love with proper — or improper — intensity, and though Julie protests that she can never be more than a sister to him she is clearly weakening rapidly. In fact, she is just about to return his passionate kiss when there is a knock at the front door. She at once springs to her feet, and, assuming that her husband is there, calls to him that he has come too late; but it is not really quite so bad as that.

As it happens, the caller is not the husband, but someone else. Reginald actually does arrive a few minutes later, but his natural anxiety does not permit him to wait until a doorbell has been answered. He comes into the flat by the quite unconventional method of breaking the front door down. You feel that he must be one of those gate-crashers of whom we have been hearing lately. By a nice, graduated range of emotion, Julie begins by shrieking defiance at her husband, proceeding by easy stages to the pathetic and the compliant, and finally the sweetly affectionate, so that the happy ending is nicely guaranteed in due course. Miss Arnaud's versatility is a little wonderful, expressed as it is with something like perfect art, and her personal success is never for a moment in doubt.

MR. EDMOND BREON, as the hero of the rain-soaked clothes, is nicely humorous throughout. He is very ably seconded by the dainty Miss Stella Bonheur, as Diana. While Brother Henry's clothes are drying he falls in love with Diana at first sight, and as she finds a responsive chord in her own fluttering heart she accepts him, and there it is. When last seen the two are sitting in the same armchair in the traditional way of the suburban front parlour, and he is patting her hand ecstatically, while she is soulfully stroking his attenuated hair. It is this moving scene that is interrupted by Reginald and sister Louise, who dash into the cottage to know what has become of Julie. The dialogue of the play is very bright throughout,. Indeed, in parts the brightness is so emphasised that it makes you blink your eyes in astonishment.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE thought of the man who has rented a shoot: "The little moor, how much it is!"

. . . . . .

IT is said that women can't take a joke. Judging by some of the men they marry, it is clear that they can.

. . . . . .

WHO wrote:—"A man has no right to feel seedy or tired on the same day that his wife does—in fact, 'it's a liberty!' It is *quite unnecessary*—because she will want *all his sympathy*; and he *might* want a little bit of *hers*! Poor devil!"

. . . . . .

JILL married Jack. After a year she proceeded to sue him for her dress allowance. What a theme is suggested here for Jill't edge securities.

. . .

A PARROT has escaped, and is at a loose end in Hyde Park. This is rough luck on Mr. A. J. Cook.

. . .

"WE call our wicket-keeper the Ancient Mariner."

"Why?"

"Because he stoppeth one of three!"

. . .

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is reported to have said in a recent speech:—"I never make rash statements." Then who is it who starts the scandal?

. . . .

WHO wrote: "Women don't feel jilted as deeply as men do: it's an insult to a man; to a woman it's a period of wonderful sympathy from the world — she enjoys her martyrdom."

A verse from me you ask, dear May,
That should be easy, anyway,
I simply take my pen and write,
I think of you from morn till night,
And shall do till I'm old and grey.

.

I've loved you ever since we met,
And though you are a born coquette,
Just see how easily you get
A verse from me.

But, May, there is one little thing
That in this artless rhyme I sing,
Although we never shall agree,
Though eye to eye we cannot see,
I trust that you will never be
Averse from me!

. . . . . .

"I'M afraid my boy has got chicken-pox."

"Well, there are certainly some bright spots about him."

. . . . . .

"WAITER, why don't you serve broad beans with the bacon?"

"Well, sir, if we did, it would be the thin edge of the veg."

. . . . . .

"WHAT sort of week-end did you have, Doris?"

"Perfectly appalling, my dear! I stayed with some people who treated me as one of the family!"

. . .

A MINOR poet declares that the sight of a meringue brings tears to his eyes. He ought to take a course of peeling onions.

. . .

"WHY do you keep up your friendship with Jack? He is pawning everything he's got."

"I know; I'm only waiting for him to 'pop' the question."

. . .

A CONTEMPORARY describes a certain ape as a boomerangoutang. He ought not to monkey with the English language.

. . .

TO-DAY'S imperishable reflection:—When one old acquaintance "touches" another, even the best of friends must "part."

Myself, though young, do eagerly frequent
Teashops wherein I hear great argument
From waitresses concerning their Young Men;
Yet never get the grub for which I went.

. . . . . .

BIGAMY is stated to be on the increase. The fact seems to be a direct denial of the rule that a man cannot serve two masters.

. . . . . .

WILL SHAKESPEARE once said that all men and women are merely Players. Will must have foretold the rise of Wills. Tobacco smokers will understand.

BY FRANK R. GREY

CHOICE!

SEASIDE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER (*to miscellaneously equipped holiday-maker*): "What's yours, sir? Boat, 'orse, bike or small car?"

Arcades Ambo

BY STARR WOOD

"Road Hog!"
"Hedge Hog!"

A Study in "Still" Life

Ernst Schneider

Ossi Oswalda, the film star, who is at present engaged on work in this country. She is playing lead in the screen version of Berta Ruck's novel "Sir or Madam"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Indifferent to their charms"

MES AMIS,

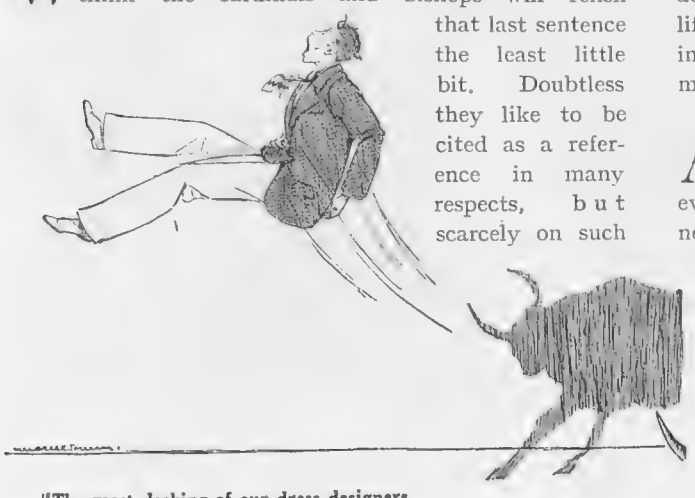
I BEGIN to tremble over the spiritual welfare of M. Jean Patou. Many an author has been excommunicated for far less. And as the cardinals and bishops already hold the *couturiers* in rather lower than medium dudgeon on account of their share of responsibility for the rather-shorter-than-medium skirts, even a slightly erring dressmaker gets off a bad mark to start with. As the taking of perilous chances goes, M. Patou might almost be said to be seizing the Papal Bull by the horns. Let us pray that he may not get impaled. We should not like the most dashing of our dress designers to be spiked.

THE heart of his offending—to risk another kind of "bull"—concerns legs. M. Patou is marching *a fond* against the reduced robe. Legs, he has decided, must be wropt in mystery, and not flaunted relentlessly in the face of the onlooker till he becomes indifferent to their charms, and even *blasé* as to whether they possess charms or not—a matter of no more interest than the legs of the piano stool.

"Rather-shorter-than-medium skirts"

INFORMING me—and all others of his friends—of his ideas about the fashions for next season, he says: "To return to the too-short skirt, I believe it is cleverer, even for the woman with perfect legs, to wear fairly long skirts, showing a glimpse of her limbs in certain movements and attitudes only, rather than to display them all the time with embarrassing persistence. Let us not forget that, in all religions, priests have surrounded their gods with an atmosphere of mystery."

WELL, I may be wrong, but somehow I don't think the cardinals and bishops will relish that last sentence the least little bit. Doubtless they like to be cited as a reference in many respects, but scarcely on such a topic as the showing or hiding of feminine legs from the point of view of increasing their attraction. Had M. Patou quoted them as counsellors advising the perpetual covering-up of legs as a disturbing influence, he might have won their good graces, but to cite them as an example in what, to them, must appear a case of making a forbidden fruit more tempting sounds like invoking the saints as a stimulant to the sinners. Most frightfully audacious. Let us hope that the bishops are too preoccupied with their diocesan disputations to read the pronouncements of our adventurous M. Patou.

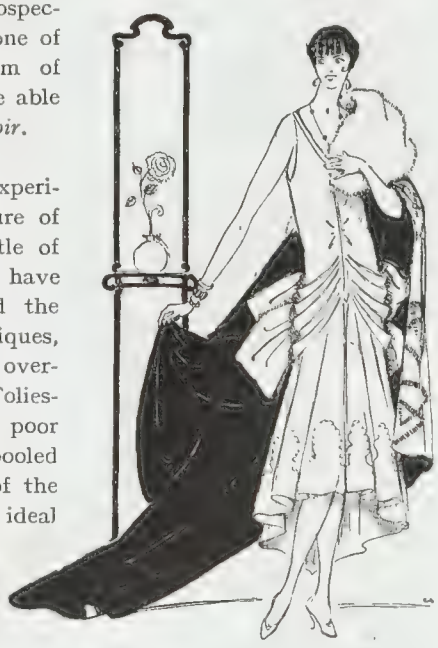


"The most dashing of our dress designers to be spiked"

M. PATOU is really a rather saucy phrase-maker. He says, "Modern woman leads a double life." Which sounds rather shocking from such an authority on woman's ways as well as woman's wear. But while you are recovering from the start he adds, "—an active life devoted to sports and a social life of elegance." Which strokes all the ruffles down in their proper place again, of course, but only after a most disturbing thirty seconds.

AS to his general ruling about coming fashions, M. Patou announces a great change in the length of evening and of some afternoon gowns. "There is a new silhouette inspired by the silhouette of 1880, which gives the impression of a movement lower in front of the skirt than at the back, with very carefully studied puffs and bows decorating the backs of the dresses. I consider that this *collection* signs the death-warrant of the 'little,' short, straight-all-round dresses that were the triumph of the past few years. We abandon the dress of the 'little dressmaker' to return to the dress of the *couturier*."

Eh bien, if that means that frocks are to be more "feminine" we shall, no doubt, all be delighted—that is, all the men. But the women do not appear to be over-keen about this return to femininity. It has been proclaimed for two or three seasons now, but the nearer we approach the promised date the fewer the number of prospective candidates. M. Patou is one of the great powers in the realm of fashion, and perhaps he may be able to get his way. *Nous allons voir.*



"Inspired by the silhouette of 1880"

PARIS is about to witness an experiment something in the nature of the Co-Optimists, under the title of the Comédiens Associés. They have sublet for an indefinite period the Théâtre des Folies-Dramatiques, which suggests they are not overworried by superstitions, the Folies-Dramatiques having a rather poor record. The associates have pooled their money for the purchase of the lease, and have agreed to an ideal arrangement under which nobody will receive a salary, but everyone will pocket an equal share of whatever profits are made.

WHEN there are no profits they will continue playing—so long as the losses are not too heavy to bear—under the management of MM. Geo. Laby and Henri Lesieur, which is freely accepted by all, for the love of their art. As I said, this is an ideal arrangement. The danger is that it is too ideal. If it continues without actors or actresses quarrelling over something or other, probably of no importance, it will be about the most wonderful achievement in the history of the Paris stage. The *régime* designed for the Comédie-Française seemed to be perfect in the eyes of Napoleon, but there is no theatre in Paris so torn by squabbles and jealousies. None the less, we all wish well to the Comédiens Associés, hoping that they will not degenerate into the Tragic Associates.

I SUPPOSE everybody has a soft spot in his heart for a really sincere Socialist—one who honestly believes that the whole world would be better off if everything was shared out equally. You may feel sorry that he should suffer from such a delusion, but one appreciates his sincerity. My grievance against most of the Socialist politicians is that they are no more Socialists than they are Eskimos, but merely advocate Socialist theories because that is the easiest way to secure a Parliamentary seat.

LISTEN to the scheme of one of our brightest Socialist ornaments. He proposes that a law shall be passed which will forbid the planting of any new vines. This would mean that the existing wine-growers would enjoy a permanent monopoly. There never would be any risk then of over-production, or such an awful calamity as the consumer being able to purchase his wine a sou more cheaply on account of a fall in prices. The growers would be able to demand pretty much what prices they liked to accord. A wonderful condition of things!

NEEDLESS to say, our friend represents a wine-growing constituency. Yet even that is no excuse for a scandalous proposition which would look outrageous from a rabid Tory, though one could understand it then at least. From a supposed Socialist it is almost criminal cynicism, especially in a year when, on account of the gloriously prolonged sunshine, the wine harvest promises to be one of the best for decades.

RENÉ.

LEAP YEAR IN LOS ANGELES P & A

Three young American dancers who may justly claim to be making great strides in the profession. They are members of the Ernest Belcher troupe of dancers

BY DUDLEY S. COWES

"THE CAVE-MAN!"

THE PAVEM

BY WILMOT LUNT

ENT ARTIST

TURNING now to the handkerchief. Not exactly an article of attire, but a most necessary adjunct. Designed for humble uses, nevertheless it has its great moments. As when it is flourished frantically in victory, waved in welcome, or fluttered in farewell.

And *this* handkerchief — Johnnie Walker's — could it be lifted from the page, might well be dropped upon the shoulder as a mark of world-wide favour. Whose shoulder? His own.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 — Still going Strong!

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

DAILY DIALOGUES

BY DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by ARTHUR WATTS*

No. IV—OUR GUESTS

"An' she's a painted old parrot"

"DARLING, we simply *must* ask those dreadful Vavasours to dinner: they are terribly on my mind."

"Good heavens above! You don't seriously *mean* that?"

"Of course I do: we owe them hospitality: we dined with them weeks ago."

"Y-e-s: not likely to forget *that* experience. But I thought that was the end of it. What? . . . Well, I've got to go to Manchester next week. You have 'em when I'm away—good idea."

"Certainly not, Edward: surely you know that sort of thing isn't done? Now get out that dirty little diary of yours and fix a night. You are getting just like your old father in these social matters. Come along."

[He turns pages of pocket diary moodily, murmuring: "World's worst dam' snob, that feller: an' she's a painted old parrot."]

"Well, it's your own fault: you will pick these appalling people up in hotels: and then *I* get landed with them, and you go off."

"They picked *me* up, dash it all. Cursedly friendly feller, would insist on playing golf with me—he doesn't play a bad game, will say that for him—I couldn't get away from him: but his old woman is the purple limit."

"I hope you don't refer to *me* as your 'old woman': I believe you do."

"Sh-urr-up. . . . All right, Wednesday, then: what an appalling thought! I shall dish up some of that dud claret."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I had better write at once while I remember it. How do they spell their impossible name?"

"V-a-v-a-s-o-u-r. Wonder what made him hit on *that* name? Bet a quid his father's name was Levi."

"Edward, you are rather horrid today. . . ."

[Wednesday, 8.40 p.m.]

"I say, *dash* these people: they're twenty minutes late already; absolutely un*pardon*able, I call it: it simply isn't done."

"Never mind: they probably think it's fashionable, poor dears: but I warned Eva to put the dinner back a little: I notice your friends are always late for meals."

"I say, old lady, never again"

"*My* friends—I like that. Why . . ."

"Now, Edward, you are not going to be an old boor to-night, are you? You will be your nice little self, won't you?—promise me? [She leans over him.] Why, you've got last night's dress shirt on: it's *filthy*: I do call that *bourgeois* and beastly of you."

"'Tisn't filthy: perfectly all right: good enough for a cove like that: he's probably wearing a dickey, anyway."

"Well, it's a poor compliment to *me*, too: you seem to forget that."

[She casts an apprehensive glance at the clock. He replies with a testy hand flick on the evening paper. A tense silence broods over the room. A bell rings.]

"There they are: thank goodness!"

"'Bout time, too: God help us. Look here, Peg, none of that turning on the new records after eleven, or we shall have the creatures here all night, and I've got a heavy day to——"

"*Shhh! Will* you be quiet? Can't you hear they're in the *hall?* You really are impossible sometimes. . . ."

[She advances, a look of extreme pleasure on her face. He rises, pulling at his waistcoat.]

"Ah, so we've induced you to come at *last!* Now, I *do* call this nice of you: and, my dear, what a gorgeous frock. Come over here: are you very cold, you poor thing? Do you know, I've been longing to see you: we *did* so much enjoy your dinner party that night. Edward was only saying just before you arrived how . . ."

"Splendid feller: damglad to see you: have a drink? Rot, of course you will. Late? Not a bit. Matter

o' fact, I was only just crawling into my coat when I heard your taxi—honestly. Of course, we poor folk can't put up superb feasts like you plutocrats. Have an olive in it? But I've got some of that *Château Carbonnieux* I want you to try: I don't *think* it's bad—1921: but you're a great judge of wine, and you shall tell me what your *candid* opinion is. . . . No, you mustn't smoke your own here, try one of these. We *must* have another game of golf one day soon. You remember that long thirteenth at Cruden? Well, do you know, most extraordinary thing, I . . ." .

" And, as I said to Edward when we managed to tear ourselves away from your charming flat the other night, I am completely dissatisfied with my own home since I have seen yours. Yes, I mean it, my dear. But then, of course, you've got an obvious *flair* for house decorating: some women have. *Do* have another cocktail, won't you? Well, shall we go in? Come along, Edward; poor Mrs. Vavasour's famished, I'm sure. . . . Edward was saying what a pretty name yours is—Vavasour. I love it, too. You know, he has quite lost his heart to you: I'm very jealous. . . ."

[11.20 p.m. He reaches languidly for the syphon. She studies herself critically in a mirror, yawning.]

" I say, old lady, never again: honest Injun, I can't *bear* it. How many times has the old trout had her face lifted do you suppose? "

" I dunno: but I notice, Edward, that your men friends have only two topics of conversation: golf and themselves. It's very wearing. . . . I thought cook did that *soufflé* awfully well, didn't you? Wasted on them, of course. By the way, she has asked us to dine on the 27th."

" She *hasn't!* You refused, of course? "

" No, I temporised: I was extremely tactful, as a matter of fact."

" Well, you go on temporising, old girl—you're a great hand at that. Personally, I'm through."

" I'm more than that. Turn those lights out, dear. . . . *Oh!* your filthy friend has dropped cigar ash all *over* my new cushions. Well, *really* . . ." D. L.

"FELO DE SE"

By REGINALD SANDERS

He was short in stature, but of generous girth. He settled himself into the opposite seat with a sigh of contentment. He looked the sort of man who *would* start a conversation in the train.

" I've come to the conclusion," he began, " that death is preferable."

" Oh, quite," I replied; " it's so restful."

He looked at me a little sharply.

" Life, when tainted with care, loses its savour," he continued doggedly.

" The essence of the sages," I replied.

" To think that a man could be separated from happiness by so small a gap, and yet lack the short plank necessary to bridge the gulf."

" Ah! to think of it! "

" One would hardly credit that twenty pounds could make such a difference."

" One hardly would."

" A mere matter of ten pounds."

" A simple half score."

" And the gap is bridged."

" The jolly old plank."

" The plank. A mere matter of five pounds—as a loan, mind. Look here, young man, I suppose you couldn't——"

" The truth, sir."

" Then only the widow will be left to mourn."

" And the children."

" Yes, and the children. All six of them—crying for their bread."

" Their dry, crusty bread."

" And all for the lack of a couple of pounds. For the want of a simple loan. I suppose you couldn't——"

Came a voice from the corridor: " Take your seats for dinner, gentlemen."

" Excuse me," said the gentleman who had been in the opposite seat. R.-S.

By A. R. Cane

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE

The Optimist: "My ambition is to become a writer of modern fiction"
The Pessimist: "Have you had much sexperience?"

Who wrote: " Women don't feel jilted as deeply as men do: it's an insult to a man; to a woman it's a period of wonderful sympathy from the world—she enjoys her martyrdom."

. . .

Post-impressionist artists in Chelsea have opened a fund for their poorer brethren. It would seem they want to help the lame ones over Cubist styles.

The Woman in the (Cardboard) Case

Two incidents from the new comedy "Her Cardboard Lover" which was presented last Tuesday at the Lyric Theatre. It has been adapted from the French by Valerie Wyngate and P.G. Wodehouse

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG"

Simone (Tallulah Bankhead) enjoys a little tete-à-tête in her Paris flat with the impressionable young man played by Jack Melford. Inset: Simone is seen taking a call—a telephone one in this case—in the comparative privacy of her bedroom

Three Items of Sporting Interest

FOR FRESH FAIRWAYS AND COURSES NEW

Sport and General

Members of the Senior Golfing Society of Great Britain photographed at Waterloo before they left on their Canadian-American tour. The Society's team includes: F. W. Ashe, I. Baker, W. N. Boase C. C. Cassels, D. Clayton, H. M. Hepworth, H. W. Hewett, B. Hoare, A. C. Joy, Dr. A. Mackenzie, J. Beaumont Pease, Brig.-Gen. R. M. Poore, Lt.-Col. F. J. Popham, Sir Milsom Rees, J. C. Stewart and L. C. V. Wilkes

Photo Illus.

A BRITISH TRIUMPH

W. A. Murray, of West Hill, who won the German Amateur Golf Championship on the Wansee Course at Berlin. In the final he beat Jungnickel by 10 up and 9 to play

I.B.

REWARDING THE VICTOR

Kaye Don, who won the Royal Automobile Club's Tourist Trophy at Belfast, receiving the Trophy from the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland. He drove a Lea-Francis at a speed of 64.06 miles per hour. Another British car, an Alvis, driven by Leon Cushman, was second, and H. Mason, in an Austrian Austro Daimler took third place. The race was thrilling from start to finish and wide sympathy was felt for Captain Malcolm Campbell whose car was burnt out

Inter-Services Athletics at Woolwich

Photographs

SERGT. W. M. COTTERELL (Army)
finishing first in the Three Miles Team Race won by the R.A.F.

A/C. R. THOMAS
winning the Two Miles Relay for the R.A.F. A new record was set up

Sport and General

SERGT. INST. H. C. HUNT,
of the Army, finishing first in the 880 Yards Relay Race

A. WILSON (Canada) *Topical*
finishing first in the 880 Yards England v. Canada Relay Race, which the visitors won

CAPT. J. A. ROSS *Express*
Putting the Weight. He won this event for the Army, putting 44ft. 1in.

In the recent Inter-Services Athletic Championship at Woolwich, the Army again proved the winners, scoring 27 points. The R.A.F. who were second with 20 points led the Navy and Royal Marines by 7 points. New inter-service records were set up in the Two Miles, the 360 Yards Hurdles, the 440 Yards Relay and Putting the Weight

Golf in Piccadilly

By RALPH WOTHERSPOON

THE other morning I met Veronica in the Green Park. My red-headed niece was wandering about carrying what I thought was a walking-stick.

"Good morning, Veronica," I said.

"Oh, hullo, Uncle Hugh, help me find my ball, will you?" she returned; "it's bound to be knocking about here somewhere."

"Ball? What sort of ball?" I asked her.

By way of answer she revealed the fact that her walking-stick was a brassy. She had kept her hand over the club-head.

"I don't think you ought to do this," I said.

"I'm practising for the championship," she informed me.

Here I should explain that Veronica is nowadays a useful golfer (L.G.U. 5) and persistently enters for the Girls Championship at Stoke Poges. Personally I am out of practice, but I have aways been fond of the game and like to see it played where practicable. But not, of course, in the middle of London.

"Now then, Veronica," I said, "this won't do. You had better give me that club."

She chose, at this moment, to find her ball.

"Ah," she said to it. "There you are, are you. Wretched lie. I'll tee it up a bit. That's better. Mind out, Uncle Hugh."

Swish! Thwack!

It was a rapid business, and, fortunately, there was hardly anyone near us, but I felt uneasy. Arrest and imprisonment might not be long delayed. Reluctantly I praised Veronica's beautiful beat.

"Good shot," I growled.

We tramped after the ball (it had gone in the Piccadilly direction), and I pointed out to my niece that golf must never be played in any of the Home Parks. I remember I concluded by saying, as we came up to where her ball lay:

"And I'm sure I don't know what the Office of Works would say if this gets to their ears."

"Well," giggled Veronica, "you have a shot, Uncle Hugh, and perhaps it'll get to their ears through a window."

"Don't be silly, Veronica," I replied; but I am sorry to say that I took the club, and, the Royal and Ancient Adam in me becoming temporarily uppermost, threw a furtive glance round for a prowling keeper and addressed the ball.

Keeping Piccadilly on my left, I proposed to play towards the Ritz. I swung and smote.

Crash!

The ball curled away to the left, soared over railings, dipped and bounced, and went on bouncing . . .

I had pulled into Piccadilly.

"The wind," I muttered, but with too much agitation in my voice to be convincing.

"Just *look* at it," exclaimed Veronica breathlessly.

We watched the ball amazedly. There it was, still bounching about among the 'buses; it was kept in play between a No. 33 and a No. 19, and then suddenly a Barnes-bound No. 9 caught it with its radiator and sent it humming down towards Hyde Park Corner.

"*Come* on, Uncle Hugh. After it."

We began to run, but the ball had too long a start of us, and by the time we had dashed out of the park it had disappeared. We separated. Veronica covered the fairway (Piccadilly), while I combed the rough (Down Street and Half Moon Street). We then headed for St. George's Hospital, one on each side of the road, searching deligently, and occasionally making verbal enquiries, but to no purpose.

"No good," declared Veronica, after we had beaten all the ground round Hyde Park Corner, interfered with the gyratory traffic, and my niece had been cautioned by a policeman for asking him if he had "seen a Dimple Diamond rolling about."

"It's gone. It might be anywhere by now. I wonder what the bogey to Barnes would be from here. About a million, I expect. Never mind. Lost ball."

We returned to the Green Park by way of Constitution Hill, and as we walked along I felt it my duty to assure Veronica that the consequences of her folly might have been extremely serious. Was not the whole performance a palpable example of driving (or brassying) to the public danger?

"Yes, but *you* did that," she rejoined.

"Well, there'll be no more of it!"

"There'll be a little more of it," said Veronica, "'cos I'm going to play my remaining ball. It's all right, Uncle Hugh, there's nobody within miles. It's perfectly safe. Don't be so half-*pint*."

Despite my expostulations she dropped the ball on a narrow strip of grass between road and path, and lashed out at it.

"*Help!*" she gasped.

We stood aghast—rooted to the spot in mingled alarm and stupefaction.

"Now you *have* done it," I said bitterly, and even the tempestuous Veronica turned pale and forbore to argue. For she had committed a most heinous, if not treasonable, offence. She had indeed "done it."

She had sliced into Buckingham Palace.

By Stan Terry

GREENS AND "BLUES"

THE NOVICE: "How is it that I always get *you* as my caddy?"
THE CADDIE: "Dunno, sir—unless it's 'cos I keep walkin' under ladders!"

BY D'EGVILLE

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

Going Racing at Two Meetings

Photographs

MRS. MALET WITH COL. THE HON. SIR CECIL BINGHAM

British Illus.

SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN AND MR. BOYD-ROCHEFORD

LOOKING ON AT WINDSOR

Some well-known followers of racing who were present at the pleasant Windsor meeting

Photographs

MRS. CLIVE MILLER AND MRS. BIRCH

THE EARL OF ESSEX WITH MRS. STREET

Alfieri

MRS. BOYLAN CHATTING WITH COLONEL PAYNE

August in the Isle of Wight sees other sporting events besides the Week at Cowes. The steeplechases at Ashey proved a popular fixture and were well attended, some of the onlookers appearing on this page

Taking Ourselves Unseriously

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Dine in pyjamas"

London, *August 27.*

Dear Cousin,

Isn't it too terribly tiresome when people *will* go trying to make your flesh creep in summer time—and such a summer? Like over all this air business, for instance, that they had the other day and are still busily moaning and moralising about. That so-called defence of London affair, I mean, when they (morally) bombed us to small bits—(not to mention buzzed and boomed and zoomed over our heads so perseveringly that quite a lot of people wrote to the papers about how they'd been robbed of their beauty sleep and couldn't it be done all quietly and decently in the lunch hour, or words to that effect, but that's by the way). "England is in deadly peril," crieth one earnest enthusiast who's simply frightfully keen to make us understand all about our awful impending doom. "Nothing to prevent five hundred (or is it thousand?) tons of bombs being dropped on us any moment," waileth yet another.

"England is in deadly peril"

And then there's those others, too, that tell us how utterly and completely fatal it is even to take one thoughtless plunge or carelessly swim a single length at one of those swimming baths (like we had a party at the other night) 'cos of all the awful plagues and infections you'll probably, not to say certainly, catch. (Haven't happened to acquire any myself yet, but I suppose that's just *my* fault, or luck.) Shouldn't wonder if the sea at Brighton or Bournemouth wasn't dangerous too — it's crowded enough—not to mention Seaview, that lovely little Isle of Wight spot where you spend most of your time upsetting yourself (*and* others) out of canoes and things into the clear, soft, shallow, blue and sandy-floored water . . . .

Also seems our theatres are hopeless and our morals dead—don't know which is worse—and if you eat grapefruit for breakfast you'll get cancer or something, and bacon and eggs'll break your complexion up so's even the expensivest beauty doctor can't put it straight. . . . Yes, there's any amount of shocks all ready for us from the pessimists, shine the sun ever so brightly and be the sky ever so unspottedly and unfathomably azure, and the sea (if you should chance to be anywhere near by or close at hand) so sparklingly brilliant and utterly engrossing, it doesn't seem as if anything merely serious could really matter. But that's, of course, luckily what *does* happen these summer and holiday days, isn't it, somehow, and even if you aren't actually in midst of said completest ecstasy of irresponsibility, so to speak? They don't matter—those shocks, I mean.

"Grape fruit gives you cancer"

Terribly wrong of us, of course, but somehow don't believe any denizen or inhabitant of this tight (not to say quite bright) little island of ours can be absolutely *counted* on to really take him or herself seriously—not what you'd call properly serious—anywhere in the holiday zone, so to speak, which is around and about, don't you think, p'raps July and August—and possibly a fortnight's grace or so at either end, what's more, what? What I mean to say is, either we're having a holiday or just had one, or our friends are, or were, or will be, and all that sort of thing. And while said strange interregnum and unrest prevails, rather curious and reckless spirit abroad, methinks, and we simply refuse to be depressed, even on the very best authority.

Not to be disturbed or upset, we aren't even by violentest and most vociferous efforts of U.S. verve and vim, such as, *par exemple,* the new alleged musical play. *Good News* at the Carlton, that someone's somewhat politely rechristened *Good Noise*—or been rather kindish about it at that. Infinite tumult and pep whereof in very truth drowns even the

reverbrating echo of road drills outside, that are London's very latest and most brilliant inventions (or, anyway, something beginning with a B). Good and active work, I mean, being done, I'm sure, by both said visitations, only just a bit wearing, p'raps, to some that have to abide in immediate neighbourhood thereof. But, after all, in the theatre, anyway, there's only three hours of it, and, besides, come to think of it, no one'll *hear* you these London days if you don't do a bit of shouting. Though don't quite know what's going to happen about it all now they've started this regular Campaign against Noise. Not only in London, either—Rome, Paris (where they're even trying to keep the taxis quiet—what a hope), and Vienna, and . . . . no, no one's ventured to say anything about U.S. yet, but p'raps even *that* may come.

"Dances still go on"

卐

TALKING of holidays, lots of holiday-makers from all over the place still in town there are (which all adds to general spirit aforesaid). And d'you know what one of 'em says is really the chief reason quite a number thereof come to alleged Old Country year after year if poss? Just so's to eat, says he, a porterhouse steak (with onions) at Simpson's or the Cock, or Cheshire Cheese, or suchlike truly British hostelry. Or a cut of roast beef and Yorkshire, or some other culinary dream of the substantialish sort as produced exclusively in this little England of ours. Help to do the dancing part of life too, our visitors do, at Princes and the Troc and places—that, at least, goes on all the year round, *grace à Dieu*. And they've even just invented a new one called the Tile Trot, that's called after a kitten dancing on hot bricks, it's said—or perchance for that matter bits of roof where said animals are reported to have *their* little night clubs and things.

卐

MEANTIME, for them that don't follow the smart crowd to Deauville and Antibes and Juan-les-Pins and places, there's house-parties and things — yes, actually even in this quiet little island of ours. At some whereof latest mode, *on dit*, is to dine and play bridge in pyjamas, and very nice too if summery enough, especially if suitably done in silks and satins and properly adorned with earrings and pearls, what? Also velvet, which you know is truly It just now, and one black velvet evening frock at least an absolute necessity of life.

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

WELL-PLAYED CONTRACT HAND

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

LAST week I left you with a problem as to how Z was to make five Diamonds in the following hand:—

S.—J, 2.
H.—K, 8, 6, 4, 3.
D.—J, 7, 5, 2.
C.—K, 9.

S.—9. H.—J, 5, 2. D.—8, 3. C.—Q, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—Q, 10, 7, 6, 5, 3. H.—A, Q, 9. D.—9. C.—A, J, 3.

S.—A, K, 8, 4.
H.—10, 7.
D.—A, K, Q, 10, 6, 4.
C.—10.

Score: Love all. Z dealt and bid "Two Diamonds" (correct at Contract but not correct at Auction); A, "No bid"; Y, "Three Diamonds"; B, "Three Spades"; Z, "Five Diamonds"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Double"; Z, "Re-double." All pass.

. . . . . .

A opened the 9 of Spades, Z covered with Dummy's Jack, B played the Queen, and Z won with the King.

Z now played two rounds of Diamonds, Dummy winning the second round with the Jack. Now the 2 of Spades was led from Dummy, B played the 5, and Z won with the 8.

The bidding, apart from A's lead of the 9, clearly placed the 10 of Spades in B's hand.

Z's next play was the Ace of Spades, upon which Dummy discards the 9 of Clubs!

. . . . . .

Unguarding the King of Clubs appears at first sight suicidal, but it was the outstanding play of the hand. B's double positively placed the two missing Aces with him, and by utilising this knowledge Z could make the game.

Z now led his 4 of Spades, which he trumped in Dummy, and then the King of Clubs, which scuttled the ship for B.

B was in the lead with the Ace of Clubs, and Z now has him in a cleft stick. If B plays the Ace of Hearts Dummy will have the King of Hearts good. If B leads either a Spade or a Club it gives Z a discard from his own hand and a rug in Dummy.

Seeing all four hands you may, perhaps, have tumbled to this line of play. But you must remember that Z had not this knowledge to guide him. He had to make up his mind quickly at the card table and realise the position from the bidding.

As you will see, all depends upon throwing away a Club from Dummy on the winning Spade. This was the only method to ensure the contract and game.

If Z had discarded a Heart and kept two Clubs in Dummy B would have saved the game, because when he got in with the Club he would return another Club. The ruffing of it by Z would not have helped, as he would then have still been left with two losing Hearts.

You may amuse yourselves by submitting this little problem to your friends and seeing how many of them can solve it in a specified time, say five to ten minutes.

Even with all four hands exposed I am open to bet that very few will see the point at once.

At the Highland Games

Brilliant weather drew large crowds to the Crieff Highland Games which were held in the Market Park. The Chieftain was Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the son and heir of the Earl of Ancaster

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY PRESENTING THE PRIZES

THE EARL OF ANCASTER (left), MR. R. CHINNERY HALDANE AND MRS. AND MISS CHINNERY HALDANE

Topical

LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND MR. FOX STRANGWAYS

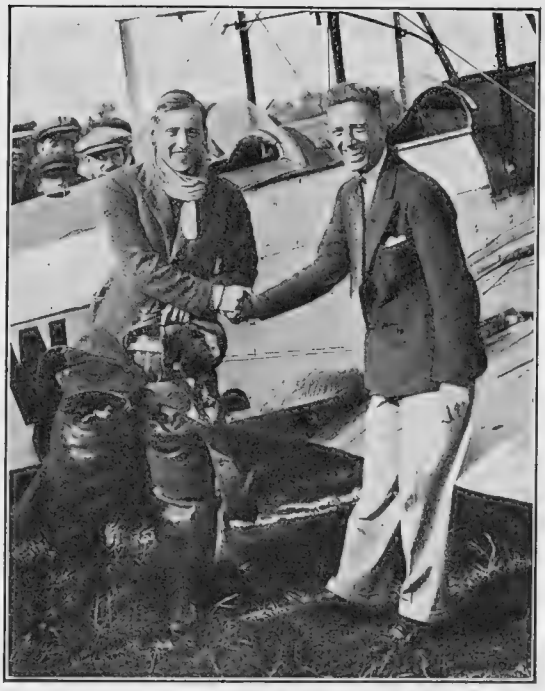
Photographs

MESSRS. J. MACDONALD (left), G. W. N. RAMSAY, I. MACRAE AND J. ALAISTER ANDERSON JUDGING THE PIPING

FLYING NOTES

By C. E. WARD

THE air raids on London have provided the Air Ministry with much valuable information concerning defence in case of another war. But should such a calamity occur our best defence will lie in our ability to reconnoitre and bomb the enemy's aerodromes and ports, and escort our ships safely in and out of harbour. For this purpose, in addition to the Royal Air Force, a big civilian reserve of machines and trained personnel is essential, both in this country and in British territories overseas. There can be no rigid line drawn between Service and civil aviation, one being complementary to the other. As public money will always be strictly limited for the former, it must be public money backed by private investments in civil aviation which will help us regain eventually our supremacy in the air.



CONGRATULATIONS! *L.N.A.*

Captain Broad, who broke the endurance record for light aeroplanes by remaining in the air in a Gipsy Moth for 24 hours, being congratulated by Captain W. L. Hope, winner of the King's Air Cup, at the conclusion of his flight. The previous record was made by Mr. Bert Hinkler, who remained in the air for 13 hours on his flight to Australia

Messrs. Vincent and Newall, who set out early this year on an aerial tramping tour of the East, have met with considerable success in India, where they have been carrying passengers, taking photographs from the air, and making advertising flights for Dunlops and other companies. Incidentally, their choice of the ordinary motor car type of tyres has been fully justified, as the thorns and stones of desert aerodromes have caused no trouble, "English air" having taken the weight of the machines for some months, until they reached Madras. They have found that air transport is likely to be popular in India amongst Indians as well as Europeans, because it offers a means of escape from the heat and dust inseparable from travel by car or train.

The Liverpool and District Aero Club has made a most promising start with nearly 200 members already, and three "Avian" machines, one presented by Sir Frederick Bowring, one by Sir Charles Hall Caine, and a third purchased by private subscriptions. There will be no entrance fee for members joining before the 1st November, 1928. Mr. Howard Pixton is chief ground engineer, and it is hoped that all pilots visiting the Liverpool, Birkenhead, or Chester districts, whether on business or for pleasure, will take full advantage of the club's aerodrome at Hooton Park; a ground staff will be on duty every day except Monday.

AN INDIAN AIR SERVICE

The first passenger from Sholapur to Bellary photographed beside the machine in which he made the flight. Air travel in the East is gaining in popularity among Indians as well as Europeans

Lt.-Col. Henderson has taught his chief ground engineers to fly in order that they may carry out test flights and undertake the delivery of spare parts by air in case of a forced landing. A number of successful first solos have been made at Brooklands after remarkably little instruction. Mr. Maddocks has taken delivery of an S.E.5, and the shops at the Henderson School are being worked at full pressure on the reconditioning of private machines.

During its tour of Great Britain the Auto-Gyro is visiting most of the clubs, so that members may have trial flights. Although still in the experimental stage, the "flying windmill" can descend almost vertically like a parachute under control, and when ascents can be made in a similar manner an aerodrome on one's roof will become a distinct possibility.

Rapid progress has been made with the formation of a new club at Swanage, under the chairmanship of Lt.-Col. L. A. Strange, D.S.O. The club will serve the district of the Isle of Purbeck, with an aerodrome at North Matravers, and it is probable that the new Simmonds "Spartan" will be used for instructional purposes.

A member of the Cinque Ports Club proceeding to Kenya at short notice was able to pass all his tests for an "A" licence exactly a week after starting "dual." The ability to pilot a light plane is a distinct asset to anyone going to the Colonies, as clubs will soon be found in every British territory overseas, flying being destined to play a great part in actual development work.

The "Avian" is being taken up in the United States, "An Associates Inc.," of New York City, having ordered twenty for early delivery, which are to be fitted with slots and Cirrus engines. Owners of British machines anywhere abroad will find that they are in the same enviable position as owners of American cars, in that spare parts and "service" will be obtainable without delay.

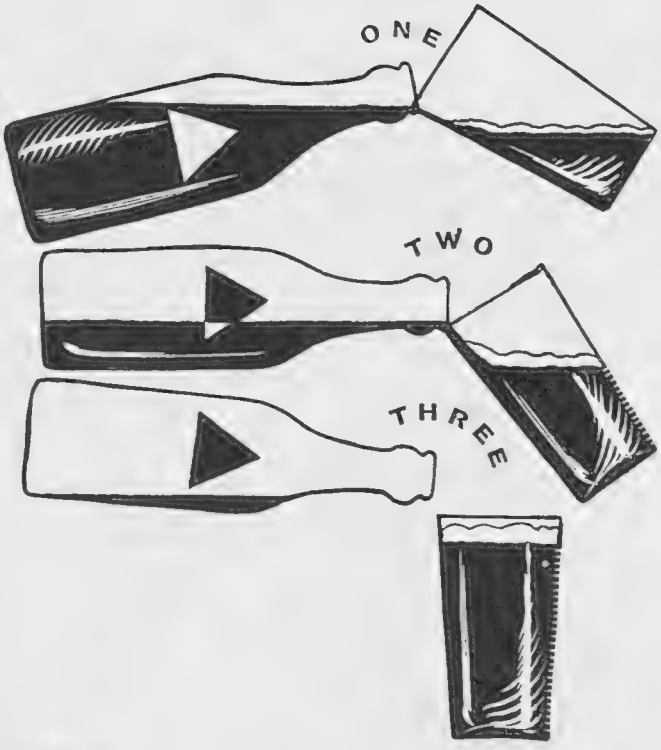
The French have carried out a successful experiment in speeding up Transatlantic mails by catapulting an amphibian machine from the deck of a liner when still 450 miles from New York. The flight was entirely successful, sixteen hours being saved in the delivery of letters, and trials are to be carried out on the return voyage.

TO ALL MEN

UNDER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

August, 1928

ALWAYS POUR BASS—LIKE THIS!



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

CRICKET

The Most Exciting Match of My Life

By MAJOR THE HON L. H TENNYSON

It might surprise some of my readers to learn that I am very methodical by nature. Amongst other documents which are of interest and importance to me, I keep a series of scrapbooks, filled with newspaper cuttings of the cricket matches I have played in in all parts of the world, from my early schooldays.

Though it takes a certain amount of time and patience to compile these, and keep them up to date, and though being rather bulky volumes they take up a good deal of room, I have never regretted having started this systematic history of my cricketing days.

Reminiscence is all very well, but after a lapse of years, one's memory cannot be accurately relied upon for details, and it is quite a pleasure on occasion to turn up some old volume, and by its help to conjure up the past once more.

The other day, when I had, as seldom happens nowadays, a few moments to spare, I picked up the volume for the year 1920. Turning over the pages my eyes lit on an account of what was, without doubt, by far the most exciting match in which I ever took part. Indeed, I can hardly believe that a game fuller of thrills, surprises, wonderful reversals of fortune, and a finish more doubtful till the very last moment of play, was ever played anywhere.

The match to which I allude, took place on the 3rd, 5th and 6th of July, 1920, on the County ground at Aigburth, Liverpool. The majority of the players in that match on both sides are still to the fore, though Dean, Cook, and R. A. Boddington of Lancashire have not played for the last few years, and on our side, E. I. M. Barrett, and the two professionals, Bowell and Evans, have retired, while Ryan is now bowling splendidly for Glamorgan, and Colonel Greig is our popular Hampshire Secretary.

When the teams arrived at the ground on the Saturday, the opening day of the match, we found the pitch very wet after a night's rain, so we did not start till late, and the accounts describe the play on the first day as dismal. It certainly was a grey, grim, depressing day, I remember, and owing to the saturated condition of the turf it is was difficult to get the ball away to the boundary.

At the close of play, however, Lancashire had scored 169 for 9 wickets, to which total Makepeace with 65 and Ernest Tyldesley with 37 were the principal contributors. For the rest, our two spin bowlers, Kennedy and Newman, who at the end of the innings, had taken respectively 3 wickets for 74 and 6 wickets for 68, carried all before them. The resumption of play was delayed for an hour on Monday, and throughout the day the pitch remained very wet, yet the ball cut through the turf and went along at a good pace. The last two Lancashire men added 13 runs to the total, which closed for 182, and it then became our turn to bat.

Our start gave no promise of the excellent position in which we found ourselves at the end of the day. Before a run had been scored Brown was caught by Ernest Tyldesley, off Dean, at short leg, and Bowell would soon have followed him had Barnes been a little smarter in making a return when a sharp run was attempted. As it was, Bowell stayed until the total was 40, and then hit a ball high into Hallows' hands at square leg, Cook being the bowler. Captain Barrett was bowled after a good innings of 29 by a big break from Cook, and then came lunch, and immediately lunch was finished, another smart shower of rain.

When I came in, I found that the pitch was a bit easier, and I tried to seize this opportunity of scoring runs quickly, as did also Mead, my partner, but I lost Phil, after he had made 15, owing to a half-hearted stroke, which lodged the ball in short slip's hands.

Colonel Greig then joined me, and was fortunate to be missed first ball by Ernest Tyldesley. I, too, had a bit of luck at the beginning of my innings, and was given a life by mid-off.

We managed to profit by this good fortune, and did a bit of hitting, but our tail collapsed, the last five men only adding 19 to the score, and Lancashire thus gained a lead of 8 on the first innings, Dean having taken 6 wickets for 85 runs, Cook 3 for 65, and R. Tyldesley 1 for 20.

Lancashire then commenced their second innings, and the use of the heavy roller was expected to make batting fairly easy for a time, but owing to the magnificent bowling of Kennedy, Lancashire were all out in an hour and a half for 57 runs. Kennedy immediately had all the batsmen in difficulties, and Cook was the only man who attempted in any way to knock him off his length. Lancashire employed merely defensive tactics, instead of hitting, which would have been more profitable to them, and Kennedy's nine wickets only cost him 33 runs. He had never before taken so many wickets in one innings, although recently in a Gentleman and Players' match at the Oval he took all ten.

Hampshire had now about eight minutes batting before the close of play, and in that time six of the 66 runs required for victory were scored without loss, and the game looked almost like a certain win for my County. However, cricket, as we all know, is a game of uncertainties, and the following morning we awoke to find a practically unplayable wicket, with really magnificent bowling against us. After a terrible struggle and breathless anxiety, we managed to score the modest total of 64, thereby losing the match by one run. Cook was unplayable, taking 7 wickets for 22, and Dean 3 for 41, both having bowled throughout the innings unchanged.

Never have I seen such excitement at the finish, the crowd making a demonstration in front of the pavilion, and calling for each player by name.

Jack Sharp who was at that time Captain of Lancashire, received a tremendous ovation, likewise Cook and Dean. Who can say, after a match such as this, that cricket is dull?

There are periods, when a side is trying to save the game, when players are forced to act on the defensive and runs are scored at a slow rate. However, those who were lucky enough to witness the Lancashire and Hampshire match at Liverpool in 1920 will never live to forget or regret it; certainly I, for one, will always remember it as the most exciting match of my life, in which there were terrific thrills from start to finish.

The SONG of the CRICKETING MEN

We are the Cricketers, we,
Men of the hills and the spaces,
Weathered by wind of the lea,
Marked by the sun on our faces;
Born for the summer are we,
Ranging afresh in our places.

We are the Cricketers, we;
Not for our eyes the gay dresses.
They are for tennis and tea—
Eton and Harrow princesses.
Children fanatical, we,
Pledged to the strains and the stresses.

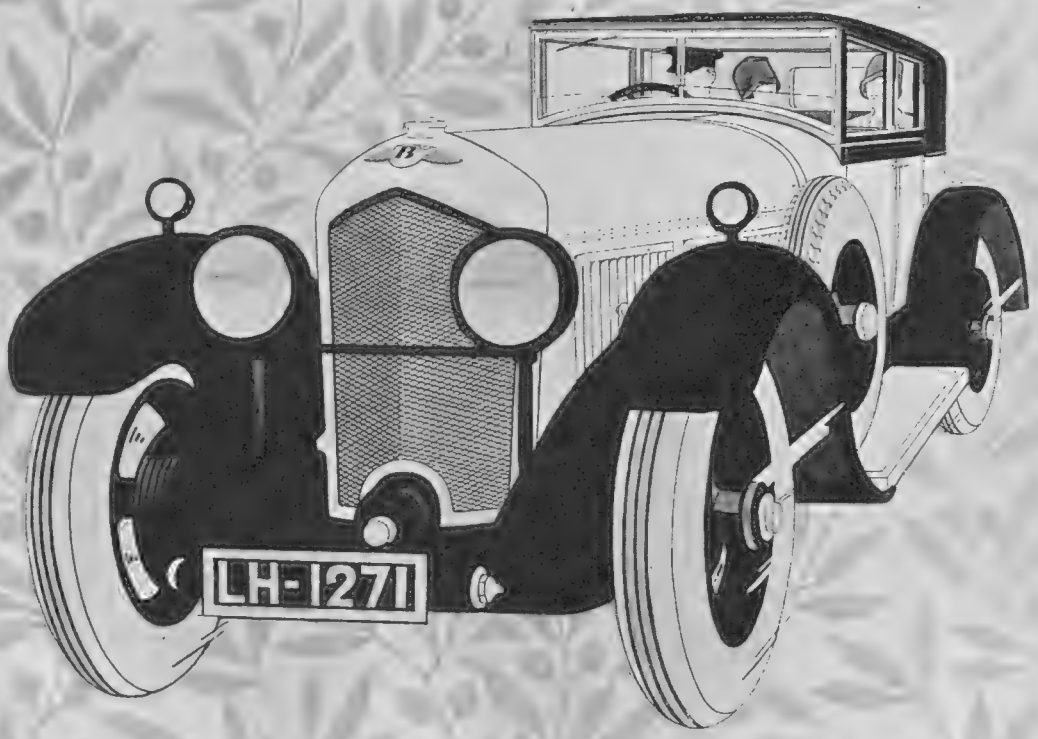
We are the Cricketers, we.
Eyes unenlightened may wonder,
Staring, yet failing to see
What is the meaning hid under.
Why there are folk such as we,
Why the deep hush, why the thunder?

We are the Cricketers, we:
Softly our message is spoken,
Wide as the surge of the sea,
Faith that must never be broken.
Straight as our wickets are we,
Rigid uprightness our token.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

". . . I should like to congratulate "Bentley's on their marvellous six-cylinder "chassis. I think it is the most perfect "Motor car on the market. It is my third "Bentley . . ."

Reference 213/L.



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CAMERA NOTES

OPEN LANDSCAPE PICTURES

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

A DUTCH HARBOUR

A pleasing study of a corner of a Dutch town. The water in the foreground adds considerably to the interest of the picture

THERE is sound reason in the familiar advice that the camera-user should keep his photographic ardour in restraint when he faces a wide landscape and wait for a pretty little bit of isolated scenery before exposing a film. Camera pictures of open landscape panoramas are notoriously disappointing in the ordinary run of snapshot practice, but evidently panoramic scenes have a real allurement for the amateur photographer, and merely to tell him to be content to pass by does not carry him very far in the satisfaction of his desires. Open landscapes are, in point of fact, perfectly good and remunerative photographic subjects provided that the photographer is willing to equip himself suitably and exercise a certain amount of discernment.

* * *

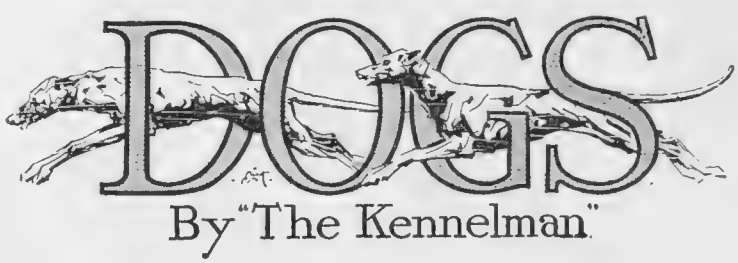
THE usual trouble with snapshots of such subjects is that the magnificent expanse of landscape dwindles to insignificance in the print. Nevertheless, it is by no means impossible to convey a vivid suggestion of magnitude and airy space even in a small photographic print. Open landscape subjects depend, first of all, upon the atmospheric conditions. The rendering of sky and the suggestion of distance are of vital importance, and favourable climatic conditions, with bold cloud formations, must be presumed. Either a sunny day which brings rolling billows of brilliant cumulus cloud, or a really dirty day with driving masses of storm cloud, provides the sort of sky that makes a picture of a far-flung moorland scene or hilltop vista. The implication is that in bad weather the weather conditions alone suffice to create an effective result; in fine weather, however, the result depends upon technical factors in treatment, and especially upon colour correction.

* * *

COLOUR correction is vital not merely from the point of view of cloud rendering, but from the preservation of distance and vitality in the print. Distant features of the landscape clearly visible to the eye become lost photographically in a veil of haze, and vivid accents of colour, such as stretches of heather and gorse, merge into a dead sheet of grey unless they are deliberately preserved by the photographer by the use of orthochromatic or panchromatic materials and filters.

* * *

EVEN in scenes in which the appeal seems to lie essentially in the far distance the immediate foreground cannot be ignored. In particular an empty foreground must be avoided.



By "The Kennelman"

"FOR just on three years now," writes a Hampshire correspondent, "I have been doing my best with poultry and pigs, in both cases pedigree stock; and financially the results have been not too bad. But so far as interest and inclination go, it's a case of the more I see of men (and of pigs and poultry, for that matter) the more I think of Dogs. The fact remains I have not yet tackled them professionally. I want to analyse the prospects a bit before backing my fancy. What would be the safest source of information? I seem to remember years ago a publication called *The Kennel Encyclopædia*. Do you know of any such work?"

The Kennelman's recollection is that *The Kennel Encyclopædia* was published in four volumes by the Encyclopædic Press of Sheffield, and edited by Mr. Sidney Turner, who was then chairman of the Committee of the Kennel Club, and a past-master of his subject. The other day a book by Mr. F. Townend Barton was published under the same, or some very similar title. The wisest course for anyone like the Hampshire correspondent is to get into touch with the secretary of the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, also the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, and to study that always informative and admirably edited official monthly *The Kennel Gazette*, notably its July issue, which is rich in vital statistics and graphs of a kind that show one recent doggy progress at a glance: the facts which give understanding of the Fancy.

Study of these facts proves that the Fancy was never before anything like so big or prosperous as it is to-day. It also proves that the progress made in pedigree Dog-breeding in this country ranks as one of the features of post-War British development. During the opening years of this century the annual registrations of pedigree Dogs averaged round about 12,000. In 1905-8 they rose to close on 20,000, and held that level with hardly any variation till the Deluge came in August '14, which, before it was over, knocked them away down to about 4,000. Directly the Armistice came Britons returned to their old love, and a steep rise began, registrations increasing at the gait of more than 5,000 a year, with never a look back. Now they have reached the astonishing level of just on 60,000 per annum, or more than three times the steady average of the twelve pre-war years. Many authorities hold that they have now accomplished their possible, and that no higher peak will be touched. This year's figures, so far, seem to endorse that view, but certainly do not suggest any decline in public interest. The spectacular rise of the Alsatian has met with an almost spectacular setback this year; and, from causes much less obvious, Airedales, too, are down. But that Dogs generally are still on the up grade is proved by the fact that the total decrease in the first half of this year is less than the combined Alsatian and Airedale drop.

Here's another significantly interesting point for prospective fanciers. In the United States, with three times our population, the total of pedigree Dog registrations is still below our own. But the remarkable fact is that in, say, seventy-five out of eighty breeds the American figures are almost out of sight below ours, for more than half their total comes to them from *two breeds only*—the Boston Terrier and the Alsatian, or, as they say, Shepherd Dog.

This point is very important, proving the British interest in Dogs (eighty separate breeds) to be vastly better distributed, more general, than in "Those United States"—up till now. Taking it by and large, there never was so good and rosy an outlook in England for those who contemplate "going in for Dogs" as there is to-day.

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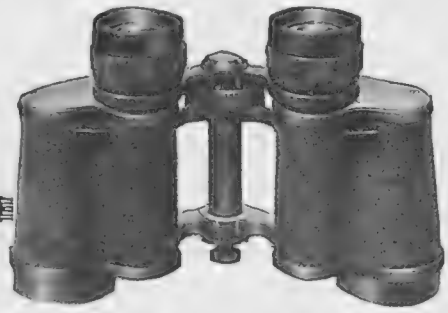

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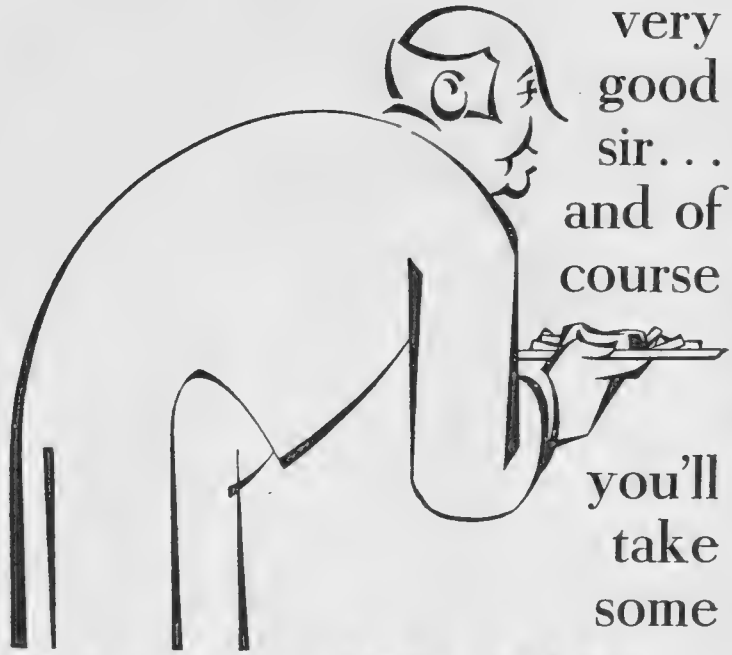

very good sir... and of course you'll take some

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SPEED AT SEA

Miss M. B. Carstairs, the well-known amateur motor boat racer, at the wheel of her standard 26 ft. "Chris-Craft," with which she put up the fastest speed, of 34 m.p.h. over a course of 30 sea miles, in the recent Atlantic Trophy Races at Southampton. She is now in America to compete in the British International Trophy races at Detroit

So the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race was won by Mr. Kaye Don, driving a Lea-Francis, at a speed of 64.06 m.p.h. Mr. Leon Cushman, in a British Alvis, came in second, while the third was Mr. H. Mason in an Austrian Austro-Daimler, the speeds of these two latter being respectively 64.02 and 64.65 m.p.h. It is a signal triumph for British motoring that the two first places in this great road race were taken by British cars. Only twelve drivers out of forty-five finished the race. They were, in addition to the first three:—Cyril Paul (Austro-Daimler); H. R. S. Birkin (Bentley); G. E. T. Eyston (Lea-Francis); H. W. Cook (Bentley); R. F. Oats (O.M.); L. Dutilleux (Bugatti); L. G. Callingham (Austro-Daimler); K. S. Peacock (Riley); R. Watney (Stutz). The race was packed with incident from the massed start, when there was a wild scramble for position, to the final thrilling duel between Mr. Leon Cushman and Mr. Kaye Don. During the third lap Captain Campbell's petrol tank burst and the car caught fire. He dashed through the smoke with a fire extinguisher and made several desperate attempts to save his engine, but finally had to be dragged away by the officials. The big German Mercédès crashed into a ditch at Quarry Corner, and Major C. M. Harvey, in a British Alvis, collided with two other cars, owing to a wet patch of road near Comber.

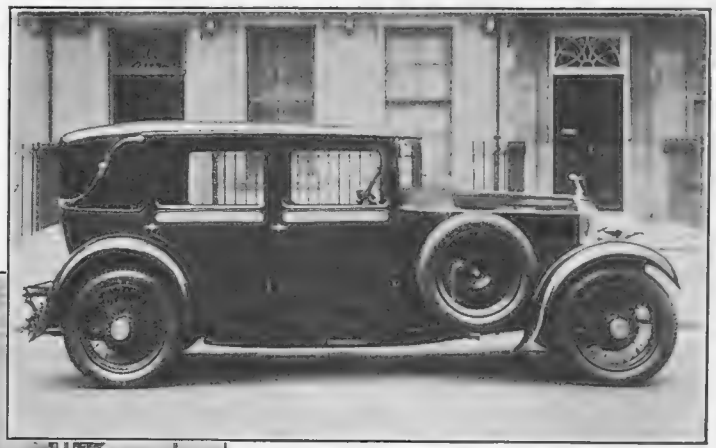
A NEW MODEL

One of the new model 6-cylinder 1,500 c.c. twin camshaft sports model Alfa-Romeo cars, which was driven recently from Milan to London in a total of 26 driving hours. The driver was Mrs. F. W. Stiles, wife of the Managing Director of Alfa-Romeo British Sales, Ltd.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

WHAT is the *raison d'etre* of the type of motor car we term a Light Six? With some makers the whole object is to produce a cheaper version of the big car of 20 h.p. or over—and as a consequence the whole car suffers. There is nothing like this about the 15.7 h.p. Crossley "Shelsley" model, the latest type to be turned out by this famous Manchester concern. It is a Light Six that belongs to another class altogether, in that it is merely a *smaller* version of the larger Crossley. If, in producing an almost exact replica of the famous 20.9 h.p., they have managed to bring down the price also—and as it happens they have—so much the better. But it is not apparent that that point has weighed with them at all. The Shelsley Crossley has nearly all the charms of the 20.9 h.p., and the performance, size for size, is probably better. The six-cylinder engine, the tax on which is but £16, is even more refined than the larger unit, and its greater running economy was noticeable even on the short distance covered in a trial I had recently. There is nothing skimped about the chassis or body. The makers have expended considerable care upon it, and the comfort, even luxury, of the seating and "furnishing" throughout is all that could be desired. The price of this model with a fabric saloon is £550, and I notice that for those who prefer open models a very handsome touring car has just been added to the Shelsley range at the price of £495.



STRIKING BODYWORK

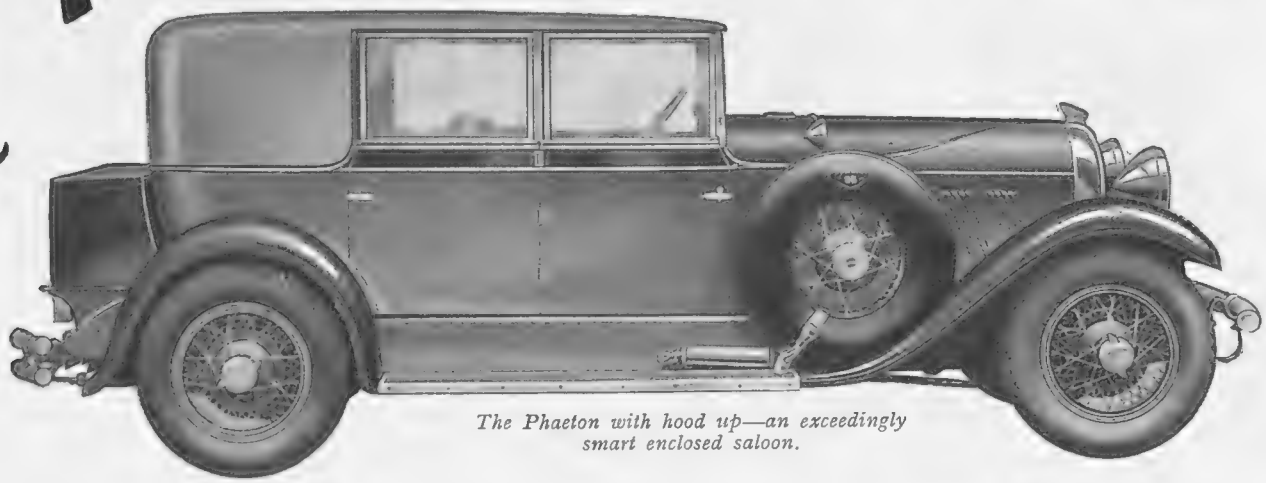
A 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce which has been supplied by Car Mart, Ltd., to Mr. Valentine Bennett. The Weymann body, by H. J. Mulliner, of Chiswick, has, as special features, no running boards and sporting type wings

HEAT wave psychology is something that can affect the motorist very closely. He should not imagine that, because he enjoys simmering, everyone else he comes in contact with is of the same physical and mental make-up. The man in that saloon ahead, with which you possibly think of taking liberties, may be of quite a different temperament to-day, slowly stewing in a pocket of air rapidly approaching 110 degrees F., and anything but inclined for a dust-up or for what he will probably look on as cutting in. That policeman on point duty may be ill-prepared to look upon your slight disregard of his signals in the same light-hearted vein as you do yourself. Even the car takes on curious moods in hot weather. Tastes differ in the matter of weather and temperature, so make allowances accordingly.

***

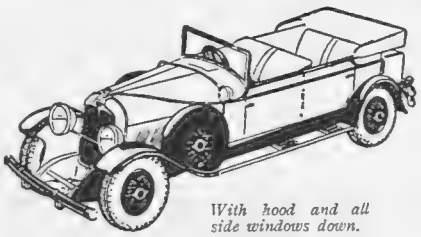
IN our issue of August 22 a description of the new Rover Sportsman's Coupé was given, but an unfortunate mistake about the price occurred. This is not £435 as printed, but £425.

Announcing The Phaeton

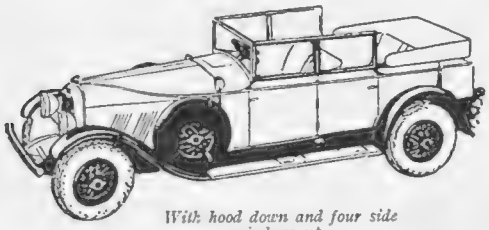


The Phaeton with hood up—an exceedingly smart enclosed saloon.

One of Auburn's new Body styles—the Phaeton. The first time such a body has been available as a standard model on any car. It is the coming body fashion. Others will feature it next year.



With hood and all side windows down.



With hood down and four side windows up.

Strongest frame of any motor car. Bijur instant chassis lubrication—lubricates twenty-one points with one stroke of pedal. Internal expanding hydraulic brakes. Spectacular speed. Luxurious upholstery. Distinctive colour harmonies. Beautiful lines.

New Model Auburn Cars are available on three chassis—two Straight Eights and one Six-Cylinder—in Touring Cars, Two-Seaters, Full and Sports Saloons, Phaetons, Coupés and Full Sports Two-Seaters, at prices from £465 to £870.

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Established 1900 and now incorporating Duesenberg, Lycoming and the Limousine and the Central Body Companies of U.S.A.

G. Mannell

MISS ADELE DIXON

Who is playing lead in Shakespeare at the Old Vic this season. She made her first appearance after leaving the R.A.D.A., where she won a scholarship, in "The Sport of Kings" at the Savoy, and recently played Shakespeare at the Opera House, Cairo

Femina

A HOSPITAL OF FLOWERS

By MRS. M. VINCE

Not long ago I went over a new hospital for incurable cases, and I was told that the doctor had kept saying to the decorator, "Give me plenty of white paint, plenty of white paint." Which shows that doctors—particularly when they are handling public money—ought not to be allowed to choose the colours and decorations for any part of a hospital, except possibly the operating theatre.

What that doctor obviously wanted was cleanliness and light, but any decorator could have told him that his "plenty of white paint" was the crudest and worst way of trying to get them, that the wards would be cold in the winter, glaring in the summer, and monotonous all the year round.

There is about the decoration of most hospitals, and private nursing homes, too, something indescribably nondescript, something much more depressing than actual bad taste. For bad taste, after all is somebody's taste. But the decoration of hospitals and nursing homes is usually nobody's taste. So far as it expresses anything at all it expresses, I suppose, simply the fear of offending anybody's taste. Hotel rooms also often have the same depressing appearance, and for the same reason.

To try to decorate to nobody's taste is impossible, but to try to decorate to everybody's taste is not impossible, though it is difficult. One has to remember two things, which are, in fact, just as true of private houses as of hospitals. You can make a room cheerful without making it aggressive. You can make it restful without making it monotonous. In most hospitals you will see how little these two things are understood.

A COMEDIENNE OF CHARACTER

Miss Claudia Coleman, who made her first appearance in England at the Coliseum last week. Her performance takes the form of humorous imitations of women and girls seen in the every-day life of America, and is as amusing as it is novel to British audiences

A little while ago, however, I went over a hospital where they really had been understood. It was not in England. It was in a country which started with the advantage of having more space, and therefore more light and air than ours, but added to that advantage was a true understanding of what colour can do. In that hospital stone and paint had lost that cold and cheerless look which they seem always to have in institutions and public buildings in this country.

The stairs were of stone, but a stone of a warm reddish colour had been used. The walls were painted, and beautiful restful colours had been chosen for them—pale greens and apricots. They had been what is called "scrumbled." That is to say, a light shade had been worked over a darker shade so that all the monotony of a large painted surface had been avoided. They were plain and restful walls, but they were not those dead blank walls of which a nerve specialist once said to me: "If you give the patients such walls they will see things on them. They will see all the things that they ought to forget."

The most surprising thing in that hospital was the corridors. Perhaps it was because in that country people of all classes go to the public hospitals as a matter of course, and private nursing homes seem to be unknown. The well-to-do pay for a private room in the hospital. The less well-to-do pay less and share a room with one or two others. The poor are treated for nothing in the public wards.

Whether or not that was the reason, the corridors were such that the owners of many first-class hotels might covet them. With their great windows, their space, their comfortable chairs, their book-cases, they were not merely a means of communication from room to room, but spacious lounges where the convalescent could walk and sit. And everywhere in the corridors there were plants and flowers. Magnificent palms were standing in the corners, and all the windows had specially broad sills on which were pots of all kinds of flowers.

I do not doubt that there are many people who would see in those flowers in the corridors a useless extravagance, and something even worse than that, a falling off from the high standard of efficiency—as efficiency is understood in too many public institutions. Where efficiency means simply cleanliness with as little cost and labour as possible, blank walls and nothing that will catch dust, there is no room for palms and growing flowers. But if a hospital is to be something more than an efficient operating theatre, if it is to be a human place where you are to be encouraged to get well, then give me that hospital with its walls of green and apricot and its corridors of flowers.

'Celanese'
FASHION FABRICS

'Celanese' fabrics bear the coveted stamp of fashion's approval, and, as Summer merges into Autumn, beautiful new colours subtly reflect the gorgeous pageant of the passing year; new weaves anticipate once again the pronouncements of the leading *couture houses.* ®

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"IN Hollywood we are making quite a fetish of ODOL just now. Of course it is simply essential that we film actresses should study our teeth, and, speaking personally, I've found ODOL unsurpassed for making even the closest close-up quite a comfortable ordeal. It makes so much difference if your teeth feel right and look right."

UNTIL science produced ODOL the world was without a dentifrice that was capable of completely preventing or arresting dental decay, but when it was found that ODOL really did this its success became a matter of course.

The hygienic fragrance of ODOL keeps the breath sweet and pure all the day through.

Large Size Flask 3/6
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Proved the best for Mouth & Teeth

You will also like ODOL TOOTHPASTE. Per large tube, 1/- Whitens the teeth within 6 days without damaging the enamel.

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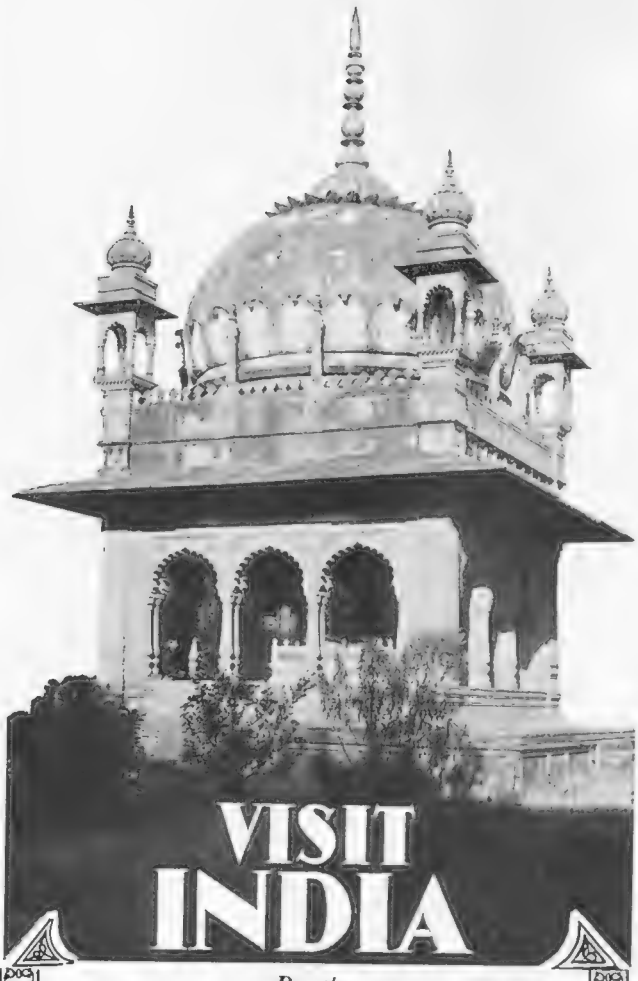

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The picture shews the Mausoleum at Bhopal, Central India (G.I.P. Rly.)—an exquisite example of India's Moslem architecture.

LAWSON

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

These two Celes shirts are of pure silk, and the colours are guaranteed to be unfadable. They are enviably correct and exceedingly smart

Sketches by A. Titford

Subtly Swaying Skirts

THE feeling for one-sided gowns and coats seems to be growing in intensity, and few indeed will be the absolutely straight models worn this autumn. During the day the effect is achieved not so much by a low dipping hem-line as by a *godet* or a series of *godets*. This creates the necessity for buckles of exquisite workmanship or for embroidered monograms—which might more accurately be described as pictures—for something is needed to definitely stress the subtle line, and the eye is always held by anything that is light in colour or brilliant.

Wonderful Embroideries

VIVID silks are mixed with tinsel threads, and an elaborate design is worked on a side pocket or in *motif* form. Coloured stones may even be employed as well, and striking effects are achieved. Alternatively, a brooch or buckle of the very newest design may be used instead. But always this one daring note is the most significant feature of the *ensemble*. In some instances " topical " pictures are worked on plain little frocks. For example, a motor car might ornament a neat motoring dress, or a realistic-looking pheasant might alight on the jumper of a tweed or stockinette costume.

The Pride of Englishwomen

TRIM tailored suits, depending for their smartness on the perfection of their cut and the restrained originality of such details as strapping and inset bands of material, will be seen a great deal during the autumn months, for Englishwomen are ever quick to seize the opportunity of wearing such garments, knowing full well that in them they look their very best. Quite as important as the suits themselves are the shirts which must accompany them. These should be simple in design, heavy silk being the favourite medium, and the finish and cut must unmistakably proclaim the work of a master-hand. It is good to know that there need be no difficulty in finding such things, for Celes shirts fulfil all these requirements, and they may be obtained practically everywhere. They are of pure silk in a wide range of styles which have been created to suit every type of figure and to add the final touch of distinction to every sort of suit.

Autumn-cleaning the Wardrobe

WHILE it is to be hoped that many days of warm sunshine will come to us yet, the hour of garden-party frocks of airy chiffon is over, and they must either be carefully put away to await the arrival of another summer, or be altered in order that they may be worn beneath cosy coats on festive occasions during the Fall. In either case a visit to Achille Serre is imperative if their life is to be preserved, for dust and dirt are the arch enemies of clothes, and if left in them will inevitably encompass their ruin. Many years of practical experience have enabled this firm to bring to a very high level of artistry the dyeing and cleaning of even the most delicate fabrics. Pleating—plain or in the most elaborate patterns—is a speciality of theirs, while their skill at renovating and pressing garments cannot be too strongly commended. Mourning orders are given special attention, and are executed with the greatest promptitude.

Garments that were crumpled and stained come back from Achille Serre, having magically regained their shape and all their pristine freshness

The Cult of Loveliness

THE vogue for femininity which has so completely conquered the world of dress has caused many women to fleetingly regret the loss of their once long tresses—not, perhaps, during the day, when sport and a life of strenuous social activity fills every minute—but in the evening, when the billowy tulle skirts of picture frocks cry out for their rightful accompaniment of soft curls and a pearly skin. Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street and 15, North Audley Street, W., has realised this, and has promptly come to the rescue with shingle attachments which are absolutely undetectable, and which can be affixed firmly and comfortably to even the shortest back hair. Every woman should make a point of visiting these *salons*, where they are at the moment very busy giving delightfully refreshing Bleaching Treatments in order to dispel the results of too much sunshine. An invaluable possession is the brochure giving details of the many ways in which Phyllis Earle can help to capture and to keep natural loveliness.

During the day nothing is so practical as shingled hair. But in the evening feminine modes demand softly clustering curls. Phyllis Earle's shingle attachments make it possible to attain the ideal on every occasion
Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

A Fascinating Treasure Trove

IT may be that not everybody realises that at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, there is a wonderful department where every dress and suit costs only six guineas. There is an amazingly large selection of garments, and it is well to mention that they have in no way neglected the wants of the woman who is perhaps neither as slender nor as young as once she was. An excellent illustration of this fact may be seen on the right of this page. It is an evening gown of embossed velvet in most harmonious colours. The long lines are exceedingly becoming, and the draped skirt has a very slimming effect. On the left is a dress which would grace any occasion. Of black net covered with silk spots, it is mounted on a satin slip, and is finished at the waist with a charming crystal ornament This design was chosen at random from among several others all equally attractive. Large, small, and tiny spots have been used to express *robes de style* or frocks which softly mould the form of the wearer, miraculously achieving an appearance of fluidity at the hem-line. A most interesting brochure illustrating some of their smart milanese and woollen suits and dresses has just been issued by this firm.

Autumn Modes—and Jewels

THE art of selecting jewellery and of wearing it appropriately is being most carefully studied by women who appreciate the vital importance of creating a picture that is perfect in every detail, and in which the greatest possible value is given to everything that is beautiful. The autumn Shows give ample proof that the great Parisian dressmakers are acutely conscious of the possibilities afforded by the synchronisation of gowns and gems, and they are arbitrary about the ornaments that should accompany each of their models. At the House of Tecla, 7, Old Bond Street, W., there may be seen wonderful reproductions of real pearls, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, mounted in platinum or gold, with real diamonds. These masterpieces are the result of thirty years' specialisation, and so exquisite are the settings and so lovely the stones that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish Tecla jewels from the genuine.

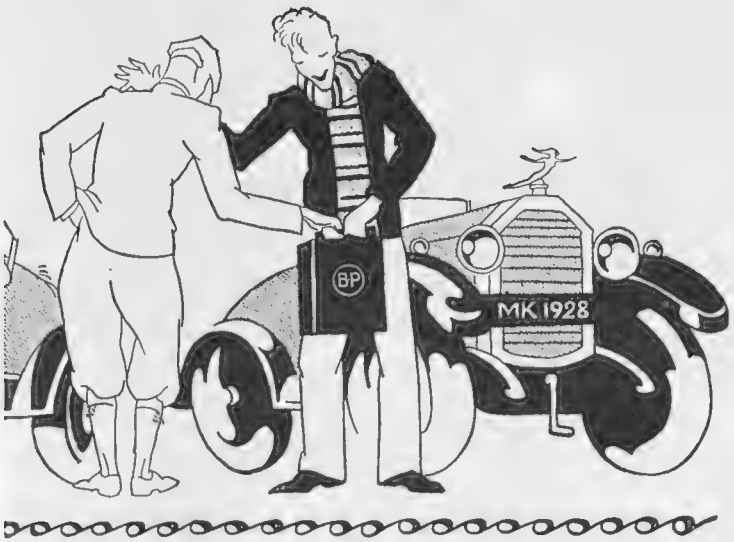
A Splendid Opportunity.

AT this time of the year, when luncheon with the guns is a popular institution at Scottish houses, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that Drew and Son, 215, Piccadilly, are allowing a rebuilding discount of 20 per cent. off all their prices. They are famous for luncheon cases, trunks, blouse cases, travelling bags, and fancy goods of every sort.

Silk spots on black net express this delightful frock from Marshall & Snelgrove. The cross-over bands emphasise the grace of the very full skirt

For the slightly older woman is this gown of embossed velvet. The long lines and the rich colouring are very becoming. (Marshall & Snelgrove)

"BP" Proverbs, No. 8



"A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED"

AND HE REALLY WILL BE DOING YOU A GOOD TURN IF HE LENDS YOU A TIN OF

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IT NEEDS NO OTHER

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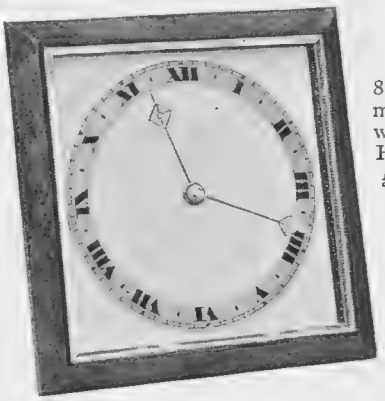
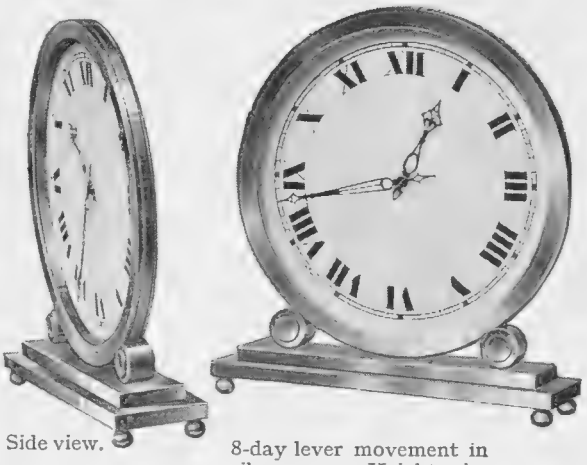
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Fine Clocks



8-day lever movement in walnut case. Height 8 in.
£10 15 0



Side view.

8-day lever movement in silver case. Height 7 in.
£10 0 0

THEIR astonishing slimness: that is the first thing you notice about these two clocks. Next you realise that their distinction lies largely in their simplicity; that they are clocks for the modern room where all must be plain but perfect. And finally you may feel sure that, being fitted with the finest time-keeping movements, they will continue in their unfaltering accuracy day in and day out.

Illustrated Catalogue upon request.

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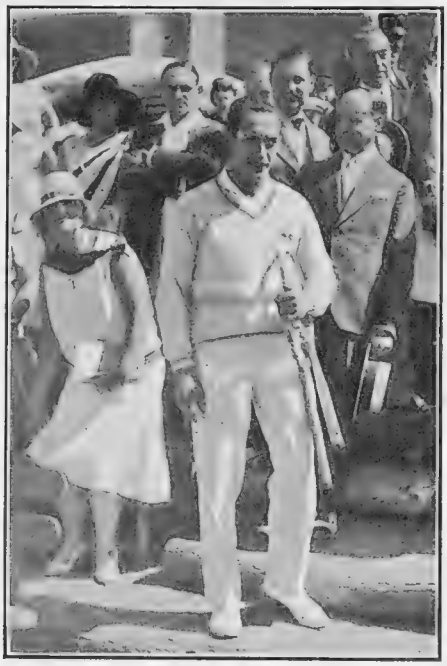
For many years Wright's Coal Tar preparations, especially their soap, have been widely known and used. One of their newest productions, Coal Tar Shaving Cream, is now on the market, and possesses the same distinctive properties as the other products of this firm. The shaving cream yields a profuse, non-shrinking, creamy lather with either hot or cold water, and has the additional advantage of being charged with healthful antiseptic properties. As a result the skin is soothed and kept healthy and free from blotches and eruptions. Men with tender skins will find this quality especially welcome as it goes far to ameliorate one of the trials of shaving.



Daniel Chacun

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

Henri Cochet surrounded by admirers on the occasion of the exhibition Lawn Tennis matches which he played recently at La Baule. It was his first public appearance after the French team's Davis Cup success at the Stade Roland Garros

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SHOW BOAT

A typical scene on the Dance Boat of the Excelsior Palace on the Lido. To dine and dance on board under a Venetian night sky is one of the pleasantest of experiences

Fire Fighting in the T.T.

When the unfortunate accident which occurred to Captain Malcolm Campbell's car in the Tourist Trophy race was reported, it was not realised clearly under what difficult conditions the fire fighters had to work. Captain Campbell drew into No. 40 pit and his car burst into flames. The Pyrene Fire Guard, together with Captain Campbell and his mechanic, immediately attacked the flames with extinguishers, but their efforts were seriously hampered by the danger they ran of being knocked down by the other cars in the race which were passing all the time. Finally, it was resolved to concentrate on saving the pits, which were alight in places, and this was successfully accomplished, Captain Campbell's car being dragged into a field to enable this to be done. But for the difficulties under which they worked the fire fighters would have almost certainly succeeded in saving the car.

Successful Sweet Courses

Year by year English cooking becomes better and more interesting, and if, as is sometimes alleged, the sweet course is usually the weakest part of an otherwise well-planned meal, it can only be because the existence of Rowntree's Free Book of Jelly Recipes has not been realised. Every housewife should send for this helpful book, which describes nearly a score of delicious and original "sweets" that can be made with the aid of Rowntree's Table Jellies.

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Kutnow's Powder regulates the liver and bowels and helps to expel all poisons. It is an indispensable morning dose for all predisposed to gall-stone, and a chronic liver causing blood pressure. Being free from sugar, Kutnow's is also highly commended for diabetes, gout, and uric acid trouble.

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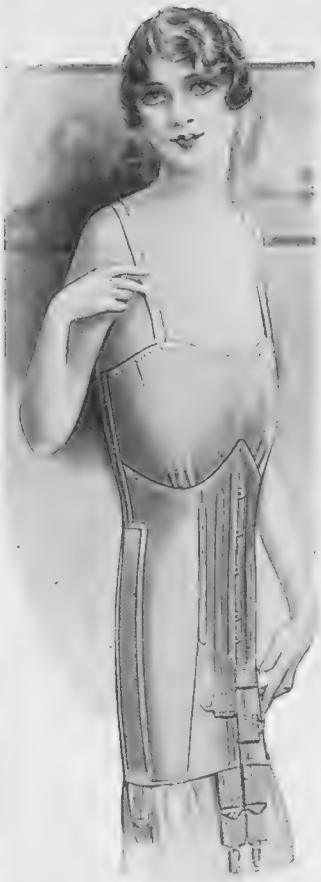

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"THE CORSLO CORSET" in cotton tricot, with centre busk of rustless steel, boning either side, bones removable for washing, four suspenders, in pink and white. Measurements required when ordering: bust, hips and waist.

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An Hors d'Œuvre.
Risolto.
Beans with Tomatoes and Rice.
Cauliflower Soufflé.
Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan.

An Hors d'Œuvre

Prepare some fillets of sardines, cut one hard-boiled egg into quarters, and chop up two others coarsely, keeping the yolk and white separate; arrange in small glass dishes, season with chopped tarragon or chervil, and sprinkle well with oil and vinegar; arrange the strips of fillets of sardines in a lattice-work over the top, and garnish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Risolto

Cut up one onion finely, and fry it a golden brown in butter, about 2 oz. of butter to 3oz. of onion. Then add 6 oz. of Patria rice, and stir constantly for three or four minutes with a wooden spoon. Cook very slowly, and add a pinch of saffron and a pint of good stock by degrees, and stir very frequently, or the rice will burn. When it is quite soft (which will take 20 minutes) draw it to the side of the stove, and add 3 oz. of grated cheese. Boil for one minute, and just before serving add a little more butter. Serve on a hot dish, and sprinkle grated cheese on the top.

Beans with Tomatoes and Rice

Boil some rice carefully, so as to get every grain separate, then toss it in a little butter, and moisten with a sufficient quantity of tomato sauce, adding the yolks of one or two eggs and some Parmesan cheese. Make a border of the rice on a dish and pile up in the centre some French beans which have been tossed in a little butter, adding pepper and salt to taste.

Cauliflower Soufflé

Trim a nice cauliflower, put it into boiling water with a little salt, and cook until tender. Take up, drain, and cut it in neat pieces, and place them in a buttered *soufflé* dish with alternate layers of raw sliced tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Fill up the dish with the *soufflé* mixture, sprinkle over with breadcrumbs and a few pieces of butter at intervals. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan

Peel, cut in half a vegetable marrow, take out the seeds, and cut it into neat oval-shaped fillets, about two and a half inches long and two inches wide. Put them in a *sauté*-pan with a piece of butter, and stew till tender. Add pepper and salt, serve on fried *croûtons*, and pour over them cheese sauce. Emilia.

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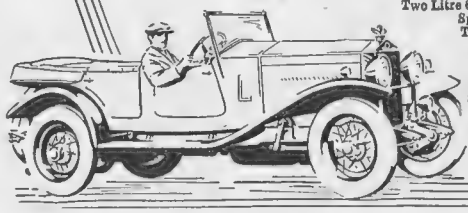

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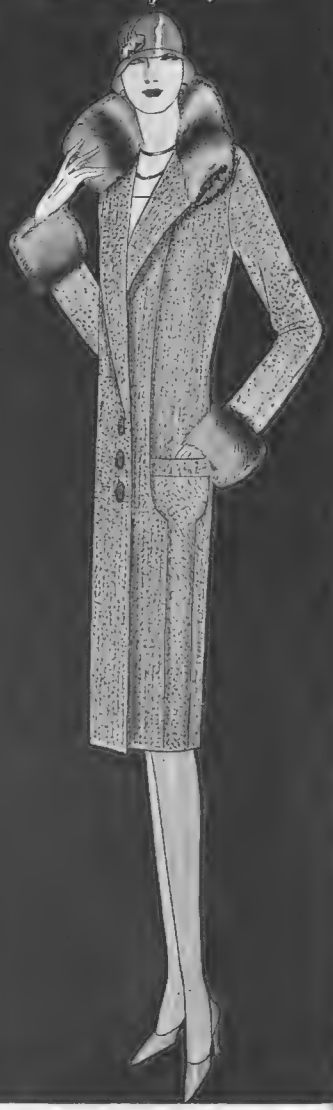

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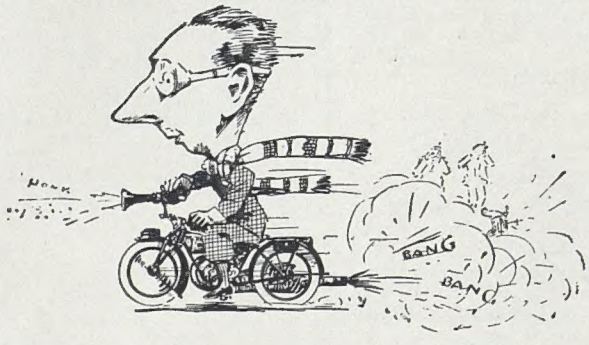

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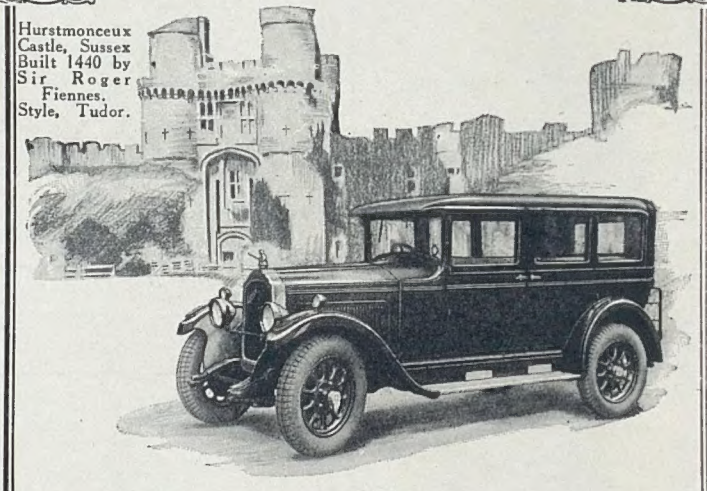

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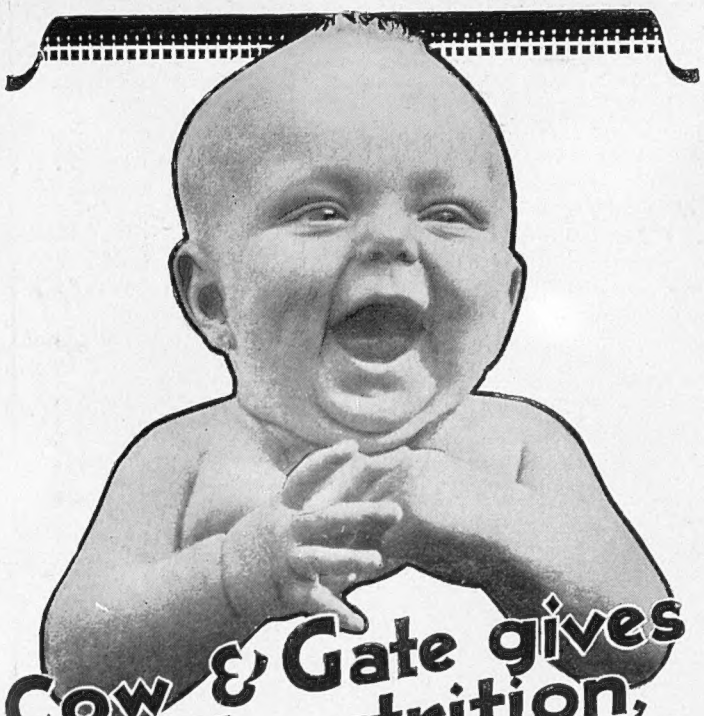

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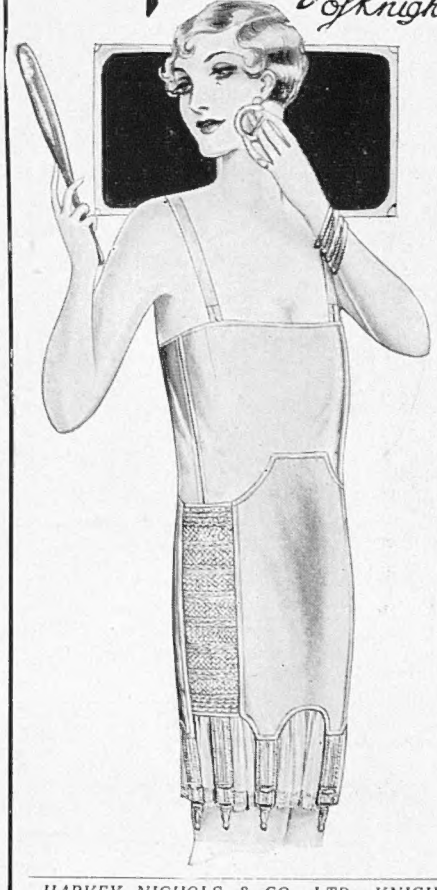

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